They Raved In The Nineties

By

Jarred Hodgdon

WGA# 1627589

756 S 3rd St
San Jose, CA 95133
510-816-1414

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

A far off train approaches, it’s headlight cutting through the dark.

ZEPHYR, 33, quiet, cool and down on his luck, steps onto the train tracks to face the approaching train head on.

He breathes hard, tight fisted, alternating opening and closing his eyes and gritting his teeth.

As the train draws close its WHISTLE BLARES, its lights illuminating Zephyr’s terrorized face.

Moments before collision, OFFICER DREWS,43, a decent cop, PLOWS into Zephyr and the two fly off the tracks to narrow safety.

As the train flies by, Zephyr rises to his knees and SCREAMS unintelligibly, PUNCHING the gravel and dirt beneath him.

INT. JOLIE’S HOUSE - MORNING

JOLIE, 34, a cool wise-ass, prepares a bowl of cereal and saunters to the table where her ex-husband JOHN, 36, kind optimist, has been waiting for her.

Set on the table is a full breakfast he has prepared and portioned out for the two of them.

Jolie sits down.

John’s eyes widen in Jolie’s direction while she looks off out the window.

JOHN
Good morning. I had prepared something.

JOLIE
Oops. Yeah, I don’t have much appetite in the morning. As you know.

JOHN
Well, how’d you rest?

JOLIE
How’d you rest? On the couch.

Jolie takes a sloppy bite of cereal, spilling a bit and getting milk around her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
Well.I thought I might see some places today. I’ll be out soon, I promise.

John hands Jolie a napkin. She passively receives it and sets it down unused.

JOLIE
(smirking)
Well, okay. You’re cramping my style here John, how can I bring anyone home to fuck with you around?

JOHN
Did you fix your bicycle tire yet?

JOLIE
No.

JOHN
So...would you, like a ride to work?

JOLIE
Yes.

JOHN
Great, I’ll drive you in then Jolie.

INT./EXT JOVE’S VAN - MORNING

JOVE, 34, man-child, sits in his Super Rooter work van with HECTOR, 39, Jove’s quiet and serious trainee.

JOVE
As you know Hector, the rise of leftist, Bolivarian style leaders in the Americas has only arisen because the U.S. had its eye off the ball, entangled as it were in the Middle East-

Jove takes a sip of his gas station coffee.

HECTOR
You want to get into the job? We got the call an hour ago.

JOVE
Mmm, yeah right. Listen, this phone’s only going to ring so many times today so lets not knock this one out too quick.

Jove looks about searchingly.

JOVE
I didn’t sleep good last night, why don’t you take the lead on this one, k?...We’ll see how my training’s working out

HECTOR
Fine. Sure. Ready?

INT./EXT. JOHN’S CAR - MEANWHILE

John’s car pulls up to the curb with Jolie in the passenger seat.

EXT. JOVE’S VAN - MOMENTS LATER

About 30 feet from John’s car, Jove and Hector bring a large drain cleaning snake out of the van with a winch.

INT./EXT. JOHN’S CAR - MEANWHILE

Jolie unbuckles her belt, turning to exit.

JOLIE
Great, thanks.

JOHN
Can I pick you up tonight?

JOLIE
No. I think I’m having dinner with a co-worker. I’ll get a ride home, or their place maybe.

John drums his fingers on the steering wheel.

JOHN
Super. Great. Thank you.

Jolie exits the car as John grips tight and stares straight ahead.

JOLIE
Okay. Happy apartment hunting.

EXT. DYNAMIC MARKETFORCE - CONTINUOUS

Jolie shuts the car door and turns towards her workplace, Dynamic Marketforce, and walks in.

INT. DYNAMIC MARKETFORCE (BATHROOM) - LATER

Jove kneels around the toilet in a small corporate unisex bathroom, removing the bolts as Hector stands behind him with arms crossed.

JOVE
So you take an hour and 15 minutes or so, and put 2 hours on the invoice...whats that?

Jove turns an ear towards the ceiling.

Buddy Holly’s "Heartbeat" plays over the speaker. Jove begins to whistle and then sing along,

JOVE
(singing)
"Piddly pat, and bring to me loves glories. (whistles) and sing to me loves stories."

Hector uncrosses his arms and puts them to his side.

INT. JOLIES’ CUBICLE - MEANWHILE

Jolie sits at her desk, staring at a computer screen. She looks over some documents on Baco-Buns Breakfast product and opens twitter.

Leaning back in her chair she picks up a box of Baco-Buns Breakfast product and looks it over.

She searches on google for Francis Bacon quotes, finds one, copies it and pastes it into a tweet. She completes the tweet,deleting most of the original quote.

INSERT QUOTE: "A bachelor’s life is a fine breakfast, a flat lunch, and a miserable dinner"

She edits the quote.

INSERT TWEET: "A bachelors life is a fine breakfast"-Francis Bacon. He had the right idea, try a Baco-Bun this morning!"

She sends the tweet, bugs her eyes, begins yanking her hair and opens her mouth in a silent scream.

VICTOR, 37, slick douchebag, enters into the frame of Jolie’s cubicle. He looks a bit confused and makes a little WHISTLE to let his presence be known.

Jolie swivels around to face him.

JOLIE
Well, hello there. Good morning.

VICTOR
Jolie, ah, that was a long weekend,I missed you.

Victor advances on Jolie in her chair and hugs her awkwardly as she remains seated and half turned away.

JOLIE
How are you, Victor?

VICTOR
Much better now. I am quite looking forward to our business meeting tonight. Date, whatever you want to call it. Don’t worry though, expenses will be covered by the campaign to elect Victor Arguello to city council.

Jolie moves to stand, forcing Victor to take a few awkward steps back away from her.

JOLIE
I do still have work to show you. Can we actually look at it tonight? Huh? Or you can funnel wine into me so I’ll date rape you again. Either way, your campaign, your money.

VICTOR
Yes. We will look at the design pages... but I don’t need to, I know I love your work.

With Victor already using his large frame to block Jolie in, standing quite close, Jolie steps even closer, bringing her lips quite close to his face.

JOLIE
(sensually)
Oh, you love my body...of work?...

Victor tries to kiss, Jolie pulls back away from him.

JOLIE
My body has some other work it needs to attend to. It’s bloody, messy, thankless work. Excuse me.

Jolie squeezes past Victor, nudging him out of the way.

Victor looks disappointed and slightly disgusted.

At the cubicle exit Jolie turns back.

JOLIE
It’s my period.

INT. DYNAMIC MARKETFORCE (BATHROOM) - MEANWHILE

Hector is feeding the roto snake through the hole in the floor where the toilet was.

Jove goofs off, holding the removed toilet in front of him and waltzing around to the OVERHEAD MUSIC, pretending it’s his dance partner.

The door flies open and Jolie storms in, not anticipating company.

JOLIE
Oops.

Jolie turns to leave, Jove has a shock of recognition.

Jolie stops before leaving, turning around.

JOLIE
Jove?!

JOVE
Jolie?! Why are you here?

Jove sets the toilet down.

JOLIE
I have to pee. Oh! And I work here.

JOVE
Right. Well I work here too... in this particular moment.

Hector stops the snake.

JOLIE
What the fuck happened to you man?!

JOVE
Well. I didn’t get married. I didn’t significantly advance my station in life and abandon all my friends.

JOLIE
Fuck you!

Jolie moves in to hug Jove, pauses while looking at his work clothes and then gives him a big hug anyway.

Hector stands up and faces the two stoically.

JOLIE
Seriously, how have you been?

JOVE
(cheerfully)
Terrible actually, treading water, mundane routine, mayonnaise and malaise. Great though...and you? How’s John?

JOLIE
Awkwardly cheerful and optimistic considering my divorce.

JOVE
Divorce?

JOLIE
He lives on my couch.

Hector sorts coins from his pocket.

JOVE
I almost called you the other day, trying to wrap my head around this Zephyr thing.

JOLIE
Zephyr thing?!

JOVE
The...suicide attempt.

JOLIE
What the fuck! Shit Jove, you didn’t call me?! Fuck you, what happened?

SEWER WATER begins backing up spilling out onto the floor at the toilet flange.

JOVE
Zephyr tried to kill himself with a train. I thought his mom would have called you.

JOLIE
Shit, is he okay, did you talk to him?

Hector, Jolie and Jove perform a dance of sorts, tiptoeing about to avoid stepping in water.

JOVE
Fine. Back at home, no injuries. I didn’t...er, haven’t--

JOLIE
--You haven’t even been to see him, right? You’re an asshole.

Hector subtlety nods with a furled brow.

JOLIE (CONT)
We’re going to see him right now, you know.

JOVE
Yeah. Sure. Lemme just finish here.

Jove squats down, cranks on the snake and starts working.

JOLIE
What’s the matter here, anyhow?

JOVE
I haven’t hit the clog yet, but it’s tampons.

JOLIE
I flush a shit ton of tampons down there.

JOVE
It’s always tampons.

INT. DYNAMIC MARKETFORCE HALLWAY - LATER

Jolie leads Jove and Hector down the corridor of cubicles of Dynamic Marketforce. They walk with purpose but she stops abruptly when Victor pops from around a corner.

JOLIE
I have to leave for the day.

VICTOR
But--

JOLIE
--A friend nearly died, I have to handle some stuff.

VICTOR
And--

JOLIE
--And that means I don’t have much of an appetite. And that means I have to cancel our business date.

VICTOR
Well take the rest of the day...

Jolie begins to walk away.

VICTOR
...By all means, whatever you have to do.

Jove pops back in Victor’s view.

JOVE
Here’s your invoice. Took a little longer than the estimate, so I have two hours of labor there. And I had to put some line protector down there as indicated here.

Jove points to the INVOICE. Victor is looking towards Jolie as she walks away.

JOVE (CONT)
Thanks!

Victor receives the invoice.

Jove advances towards Jolie as Hector pops into frame.

Victor’s blank gaze faces Hector,without expression.

HECTOR
You have a one month warranty, but there were so many tampons. The warranty will be void if it is tampons again.

EXT. DYNAMIC MARKETFORCE - CONTINUOUS

Jolie exits the building. Jove exits the building. Hector follows, rolling the snake behind him.

JOLIE
You have to drive us, I have a flat.

The three walk briskly towards Jove’s work van.

JOVE
Okay, someone will have to sit in the back.

Jove looks towards Hector.

Hector produces a menacing stare towards Jove.

Jove looks towards Jolie, but she is looking elsewhere.

JOVE
(abrasively)
Hector. Mind driving?

EXT/INT. JOVE’S VAN - DAY

Driving along, Hector is at the helm with Jolie in the passenger seat. Behind the cage separating the cab Jove sits on top of the snake.

Jolie and Hector look at the road ahead. Jove is on his work phone.

JOVE
We’re wrapped up on the job...
(a beat)
No I have to go to the dumps and take out some trash...
(a beat)
Yeah just pull us off he field for now.

Jove hangs up the phone.

Jolie points.

JOLIE
Turn right at the sign.

EXT. ZEPHYR’S HOUSE - LATER

JOVE(VO)
Stop here.

The van comes to a rapid stop in front of Zephyr’s house, a modest suburban home with a collapsing roof and an overgrown yet dying lawn.

Jolie and Hector step out of the van.

The side door opens and Jove tumbles out ungraciously with van/plumbing debris falling to the curb.

The three meet on the sidewalk.

JOVE
This is going to be awful.

JOLIE
Come on you pussy, you used to be his friend.

Hector looks at the house, then Jove with consideration and begins to walk away unnoticed down the sidewalk.

After a moment of pause Jolie and Jove approach the front door.

Jove slowly raises his hand, poised to knock.

Jolie rings the bell.

JOVE
(whispering)
I like to lead with the knock. Sometimes you ring and then wonder if the bell is out of order, you wait for minutes not wanting to be rude and knock, in case the bell is ringing and it is just taking them some time to get to the door.

A beat.

JOVE (CONT)
See? Their bell isn’t working, is it?

Jove raises his hand quickly to knock.

The door opens revealing Zephyr’s mom, LINDY, 56, a plump woman with wild gray hair, suited up in baggy gym sweats.

Lindy squints from the invading sunlight and registers the faces.

LINDY
Oh. Hi kids. What’s going on?

JOLIE
Hi Ms Duchamp, we just came to see Zephyr, is he home?

LINDY
He sure is, why don’t you kids come inside.

Lindy leads the way, Jolie and Jove enter wiping their feet on the doormat as they go.

INT. ZEPHYR’S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zephyr’s house is a mess: cats running around, huge stacks of newspapers, empty 2 liter sodas and debris everywhere, a giant dinosaur of a TV illuminates the otherwise dark living room with trashy daytime TV.

Jolie and Jove walk stiffly and carefully.

Lindy leads the way through the jungle wards Zephyr’s room.

INT. ZEPHYR’S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The three arrive in front of Zephyr’s door in the cramped hallway. Lindy knocks gently.

LINDY
Zephyr love? You have some friends here to see you, it’s the boy who works at the record store and the girl who broke our lamp.

JOLIE
(whispering)
That was a long time ago.

In Jolie’s direction Jove points to his work-shirt name-tag.

JOVE
(whispering)
I don’t work there anymore.

From inside his room a muffled, unintelligible guttural Chewbacca like grunt is elicited by Zephyr.

ZEPHYR (VO)
Grunrrrrfher.

Jolie and Jove exchange a glance.

Lindy opens the door to the even darker room.

LINDY
Good morning love, can I get you some fruit soda?

ZEPHYR (VO)
Yes Mom. Thanks.

Lindy turns back towards Jolie and Jove.

LINDY
You kids can go inside. Can I get you some punch, or coffee?

JOVE
No thank you, Ms Duchamp.

LINDY
I just made it fresh.

Jolie and Jove squeeze past Lindy as she squeezes past them in the narrow hall.

Jolie and Jove make their way into Zephyr’s room.

INT. ZEPHYR’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A quiet beat passes in the room, the three old friends are in complete darkness.

Jolie flicks a switch on the wall, the overhead lights come on, they are blue and red laser club lights bouncing off of a spinning disco ball where an overhead fan should be.

Wild, yet insufficient lighting fills the room.

JOVE
Eeeeh.

Jove rushes to the window to open the blinds. Pulling them open, it is revealed that the windows have been blacked out with black trashbags.

Zephyr, bundled up to his head in bed, reaches over to his bedside dresser and flicks on a lamp.

The lamp is a 1970’s relic whose large glass body has been shattered, half of it remaining intact but the lamp is functional. An adequate yellowish light illuminates the room.

Jolie flicks off the disco lights.

The room is small, neat but filled with the decor of a Hot Topic/head shop devotee from 1999.

Jolie and Jove exhale in unison.

Zephyr raises his unclothed body slightly in his bed.

JOLIE
I love what you haven’t done with the place.

Jove hits Jolie’s arm. Zephyr blankly studies the two.

JOVE
Zephyr, how are you?

ZEPHYR
Hi. I’m alive unfortunately.

JOVE
That, is a good thing.

ZEPHYR
So the cavalry has arrived?

JOVE
Something like that.

JOLIE
We haven’t been good friends Zeph. That’s going to change.

Zephyr blinks, thinking over his words.

ZEPHYR
That may be, but I’m going to do it anyway. As soon as I can wash the piss stains out of my jeans.

With furled brows Jove inhales through clenched teeth as Jolie exhales through pursed lips.

ZEPHYR
Look...It’s whatever.

JOLIE
(to Jove)
Have you talked to Carl...or Daphne?

Jove shakes his concerned head "No".

ZEPHYR
I’ve talked to them on the phone. Now, you have all done your due diligence and can rest easy at my funeral.

Jove is mortified, and examines a Magic Eye poster, avoiding all eye contact.

Jolie looks intently, leaning closer towards Zephyr, still prone in bed.

JOLIE
Get dressed Zephyr, it’s time for a field trip.

INT/EXT. JOVE’S VAN - LATER

As the van travels down suburban streets, Zephyr is in the passenger seat, Jolie is driving and Jove is in the back again.

JOLIE
Jove, call Daphne and I’ll take care of Carl.

Jolie and Jove pull out their respective PHONES and dial.
(in unison)

JOLIE
Hi Carl?!

JOVE
Hi is Daphne there? ...Thanks.

JOLIE
Yeah it’s Jolie... I know. Listen are you at work?

JOVE
Daphne I’m calling about...

JOLIE
Okay, well I have Zephyr with me and we’re coming by.

Zephyr looks out of the window.

JOVE
So then you heard.

JOLIE
Yeah I know, that’s why we need to all talk.

Zephyr rolls down the window.

JOVE
Yeah well,he’s here and we’re going to come over in a bit.

JOLIE
Fuck that! I’ll see you in a minute.

Zephyr turns to blankly look at Jolie.

Jolie clicks off the phone and drops it to her lap.

Zephyr lights a cigarette, takes a draw and inhales.

JOVE
Yeah...okay...you too....Yeah, in a bit, I dunno...I think we have a stop first...okay, bye.

Jove looks at his phone, and then hangs up.

Jolie makes a surprising hard left causing Jove to fall over in the back.

JOVE
Fuuuuuck! Careful! There’s a bucket of muck from a Chinese restaurant grease trap right here!

A bucket precariously wobbles about near Jove.

INT. MUSIC INSTRUMENT SHOP - DAY

Jolie and Jove bolt through the music store with Zephyr close behind. It is narrow and cramped guitars hanging all over the walls and side rooms for drums, keyboards, and various specialty instruments.

CARL, 33, long haired and perma-stoned in a faded metal band shirt stands behind the counter.

Moving briskly past him Jolie and Jove give the head nod of recognition. Zephyr just looks at him.

Jolie and Jove guide Zephyr into the room with keyboards and drum machines. They slide the glass door closed and return to the counter to see Carl.

CARL
Hey guys.

JOVE
Hi Carl.

CARL
Hey!

Carl reaches under the counter and produces a compact disc.

CARL(CONT)
Here, it’s my bands new CD.

With a satisfied grin Carl hands Jolie his CD.

INSERT: CD cover reads "Hell Fires of the Bazaar" and shows a devilish dog with teeth clenched around a cherub in a Target store.

JOLIE
You heard about Zephyr, right?

Carl grins and nods with squinty eyes.

JOLIE
That he tried to kill himself?!

Jolie passes the CD to Jove.

CARL
Yeah it’s fuckin gnarl right?... So this is a concept album about a dog
(MORE)

CARL (cont'd)
from hell trapped in a department store overnight with a cherub from heaven. It's metaphysical and about, like consumerism.

Jolie glares blankly at Carl, disappointing.

JOVE
Jolie, I heard about Zephyr from Carl, he texted me about it.

JOLIE
And neither of you seem to give a shit!

CARL
Shhhh, listen!

They quiet down, heads turn toward the keyboard room.

Zephyr is seen, through the glass door partition, standing stoically behind a keyboard, one hand playing a heavy GOTH SYNTH.

His other hand reaches up to a electronic THERAMIN and he accompanies himself.

Carl is ecstatically satisfied by the music, concern is evident on Jove and Jolie's face.

JOVE
We're going over to see Daphne.

JOLIE
Can you meet us after work?

CARL
Yeah, definitely. Tonight's Karaoke night, you guys should meet me at 7 Bamboo!

JOVE
Carl, you haven't changed, man.

Carl nods his head.

INT. DAPHNE’S LIVING ROOM - DAY

DAPHNE 32, a disheveled bohemian artist, works fervently in her living room at her art. She is duct taping a stack of precariously arranged and stacked porcelain animals.

Her home is a chaotic tornado of art projects occurring or displayed in all available spaces. The walls are collages of images.

She reaches high, balancing a dolphin that threatens to bring the whole creation down.

A DOORBELL RING and a KNOCK at the door occur simultaneously.

Daphne wraps duct tape around her dolphin, setting it in place.

She walks towards the door.

INT. DAPHNE’S DOOR ALCOVE - MOMENTS LATER

Daphne opens the door.

DAPHNE
Yay! Hey guys!

Zephyr, Jolie and Jove stand awkwardly on the doorstep.

DAPHNE (CONT)
Come in, now!

The trio follow Daphne inside.

INT. DAPHNE’S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daphne picks up a can of metallic spray paint.

DAPHNE
So Zephyr you tried to kill yourself? What was that like?

ZEPHYR
It took a lifetime worth of nerve.

Daphne sprays her work with paint, so that the porcelain will come to match the metallic duct tape.

DAPHNE
I’m surprised. Jumping in front of a train? I thought you’d have done something with a little more flare, significance.

Zephyr listens affectedly.

DAPHNE(CONT)
If I was going to kill myself I’d do something big, go out with a political assassination or something.

Jove COUGHS ending with a WHIMPER, surprised.

DAPHNE
Jolie. Jove. What have you two been up to?

Daphne looks towards the group briefly before returning to her work.

Jove and Jolie look towards each other and back.
(in unison)

JOLIE
Work. And stuff...I got divorced?

JOVE
Work...I’m studying Tai Chi.

Zephyr picks up a classically sculpted bust of a Teletubby and examines it.

JOVE
I read your blog, Daphne.

JOLIE
Yeah, me too actually.

DAPHNE
I had no idea. You guys could leave a comment every once in awhile.

JOVE
(shyly)
I have actually. I’m user ’Carbon Neutered’.

DAPHNE
Shit! I thought you were a troll, you talk a lot of shit!

Zephyr sets down the bust.

ZEPHYR
I blog too guys.

JOLIE
Really?!

JOVE
(to Zephyr)
I'd love to read it. Can you send me a link?

An awkward moment passes.

JOLIE
Look, we all need to do something. Zeph here is not going to kill himself.

PETEY
Yes he is...

Jolie, Jove and Zephyr are surprised and turn in the direction of the voice.

PETEY, 39, a dapper guy out of a past era, sits in a recliner in the corner, obscured by sculptural objects that surround him.

He folds and sets down his New York Times paper.

PETEY
If you lot don't do something, this poor guy will kill himself. Nobody jumps in front of a train as a lark, people who don't mean to do it just tickle their wrist with a blade or pop a dozen aspirin.

Petey stands up and approaches.

DAPHNE
Petey everyone, my husband.

Petey and Dahpne share a loving kiss.

Zephyr approaches the group.

ZEPHYR
Try whatever you want guys, but it's going to happen.

Daphne returns to spraying.

DAPHNE
Don’t be selfish Zephyr, think of your family... and us.

ZEPHYR
Thinking is what I don’t want to do anymore.

JOLIE
Okayyy, well, we are planning to meet Carl at Karaoke. Our plan now it seems is to drink,bro down and bro the bummers out of you.

Jolie pats Zephyr’s chest.

Zephyr is not amused.

DAPHNE
Sounds like a bad idea.

PETEY
But a fine start.

Daphne looks to Petey.

DAPHNE
We haven’t been out in a while.

PETEY
I was beginning to think we were agoraphobic.

Daphne pulls Petey close, the couple smiles.

DAPHNE
I’m going to get you wasted.

Daphne turns to address the group.

DAPHNE
Can we ride with you guys? Have enough room?

Jove is befuddled.

JOLIE
Yeah!

Jove shoots a frustrated look at Jolie, who doesn’t notice.

DAPHNE
Jove! So you really think 9/11 was an inside job?!

INT/EXT. JOVE’S VAN - EVENING

Jove drives, Jolie is in the passenger seat. Zephyr, Daphne and Petey are precariously bouncing around in the back.

JOVE
I can’t believe y’all picked me to be the designated driver... You do know I am a drunk, right?!

Not a peep from the group.

JOVE
Oh you just don’t care?! The chances of me getting a DUI are much greater then killing us all in a fiery accident?! So who cares!

Jolie smiles, amused.

Jove makes a harsh turn.

ZEPHYR
Ahhhhh! Shit

JOVE
What is it?! What happened?

PETEY
It looks like a bucket of poo spilled all over Zephyr.

EXT. 7 BAMBOO - NIGHT

Zephyr, Jove, Jolie, Petey and Daphne approach the Karaoke bar.

It is clearly a dive- an old stone facade, neon lights and 1970’s architecture.

Zephyr struggles to walk, his legs and lap are soaked with disgusting muck; he shuffles with a sour face.

The group enters.

INT. 7 BAMBOO - NIGHT

The friends enter the darkened room to the sounds of bad singing to "Black Velvet". The room is filled with red tones, Christmas lights, vinyl seating and nasty carpeting.

CARL
Hey!!!

Carl welcomes them to a large table with open arms.

CARL (CONT)
I reserved us a table, slide in.

The crew slides into the large vinyl booth, minus Zephyr.

Zephyr looks at everyone settling in and then looks at his pants.

ZEPHYR
I’m going to go to the toilet, try to clean up.

Nobody takes much notice of Zephyr as he walks away.

Onstage, the KJ,50, old Hawaiian shirt grease-ball, takes the mic to announce the next singer.

KJ
Thank you Tara for the 5th and clearly the most stirring version of Black Velvet tonight.

The bar patrons applaud.

KJ
Okay, next up we have Carl with a little Spandau Ballet!

Carl bounds up to the stage and takes the mic.

CARL
Thank you! And good timing.

The introduction music begins.

CARL (CONT)
I’d like to dedicate this song to my old pal Zephyr, he’s over there!

Carl squints looking for Zephyr and pointing aimlessly in the crowd.

CARL
(singing)
"Thank you for coming
home, I’m sorry that the chairs are
all worn. I left them here I could
have sworn."

Impressed looks pass between the friends.

INT. 7 BAMBOO (BATHROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

The sink is running, Zephyr is furiously trying to clean his pants with paper towels.

The sound of Carl singing passes through the room, muffled but audible.

Zephyr smirks and shakes his head.

He looks at himself in the mirror and catches himself smiling, becoming instantly disturbed.

He hesitates, tilts his head back. He draws his hand slowly across his throat while staring into his own eyes, mimicking the motion of a blade.

CARL (VO)
(singing)
"You’re gold! Always believe in
your soul. You’ve got the power to
know, you’re indestructible."

INT. 7 BAMBOO - CONTINUOUS

CARL
(singing)
"Always believe in. You are gold."

DAPHNE
Woot!

Jove shoots a smile at Jolie, she shoots one back.

JOLIE
(to Jove)
Let’s go line up some drinks.

Jolie and Jove stand up and walk towards the bar.

INT. 7 BAMBOO (BAR) - MOMENTS LATER

WAYNE, 65, a sweaty, large underwear shirted bartender makes disinterested eye contact with Jolie.

JOLIE
Two double shots of your cheapest gin and a large glass of Mountain Dew.

WAYNE
We don’t have Mountain Dew.

JOLIE
Um 7-Up.

WAYNE
It’ll be Sierra Mist.

JOLIE
Fuck! Fine.

JOVE
And a pint of Newcastle!

Jove looks at Jolie.

JOVE(CONT)
For Zephyr.

Wayne turns to joylessly fulfill the order.

Jove looks intensely at Jolie.

JOVE
Straight gin and Mountain Dew?! You remember our drink.

JOLIE
How can I forget!

JOVE
But we don’t have to skip classes and hide in a donut shop to drink like adults anymore.

JOLIE
Are you an adult now, Jove?

JOVE
I sure am! I even pay rent sometimes.

JOLIE
And what else?

JOVE
Well, I contribute to a 401k...and just last week I put batteries in my smoke alarm!

The drinks arrive. Jolie hands Wayne a credit card, produced from her purse.

JOLIE
Open it up good sir.

Jove pulls out his ratty wallet. Jolie gives him a ’fuck you’ look.

JOVE
Thanks.

JOLIE
You didn’t come to my wedding.

JOVE
Your wedding didn’t work out so well.

JOLIE
You didn’t RSVP.

JOVE
I’m sorry. I’m an asshole.

INT. 7 BAMBOO - CONTINUOUS

Carl is really getting into it on stage and the crowd loves the hell out of his performance.

CARL
(singing)
"Gold! Always believe in your soul,
You’ve got the power to know.
You’re indestructible!’

Zephyr returns from the bathroom, slides into the booth and is welcomed by Petey and Daphne with friendly expressions.

INT. 7 BAMBOO - LATER

Daphne is on stage singing a goofy rendition of "Uncle Albert/Admiral Halsey".

DAPHNE
(singing)
"Admiral Halsey notified me, He had to have a berth so he couldn’t get to sea. I had another look and I had a cup of tea and a butter pie. A Butter Pie!"

Jolie and Jove are sitting in the booth, looking red in the face and tipsy.

Zephyr is seated next to Jove, and methodically takes a sip of beer.

Jolie has her phone out and starts texting.

INSERT TEXT: All is ok. We are at 7 Bamboo. come?

Jove gives an obvious what are you doing face and motion at Jolie, pretending to snoop at her text.

Jove turns to his left towards Zephyr and puts his arm around him, leaning into his ear.

DAPHNE
(singing)
"Hands across the water. WATER! Hands across the sky!"

JOVE
(to Zephyr)
This isn’t so bad right?

ZEPHYR
I’m having fun. I’m having the most fun I’ve had in years.

Jolie leans across Jove towards Zephyr to hear the two better.

ZEPHYR
I’m in a shitty bar, passing time in the most mundane of ways with old friends that would have been somewhere else if it weren’t for--

JOLIE
--Come on Zephyr. Life caught up with all of us. I just got fucking divorced! We can’t control yesterday, but we can change tomorrow.

Jove sips a beer.

Zephyr rolls his eyes.

JOLIE
Don’t roll your eyes at me!

Jolie hits Zephyr’s arm.

JOVE
Yeah or she’ll kill you for you.

With his beer at his mouth Zephyr holds back a laugh mid sip.

Jolie fake punches Jove in the face, he flinches.

DAPHNE
(singing)
"Live a little, be a gypsy, get around. Get around! Get your feet up off the ground! Live a little get around."

INT. 7 BAMBOO - LATER

Jove is onstage. Wriggling his body around with an extremely serious face doing a fine rendition of an Amy Winehouse song.

JOVE
(singing)
"I cheated myself. Like I knew, I would. I told ya, I was trouble. But you know that I’m no good."

Sitting in the booth, Jolie has a look of hypnotized shock. Daphne leans in and whispers in her hear, they both throw their heads back and laugh.

Jove attempts to dance sensually in an instrumental break.

JOVE
"Upstairs in bed, with my ex-boy..."

JOLIE
Woot!

On the dance floor adjacent to the stage, Carl and Zephyr stand observing the performance, amused.

Carl pivots towards Zephyr and plants his hands on Zephyr’s shoulders, jokingly starting to dance. Zephyr plays along and spins himself.

INT. 7 BAMBOO - LATER

Jolie is on the stage mid performance, holding the mic close. One hand clasps the cord and grips her hair, singing Bowie’s "Space Oddity".

JOLIE
(singing)
"This is Major Tom to ground control, I’m stepping through the door. And I’m floating in the most peculiar way. And the stars look very different today!"

From the dance floor Jove watches Jolie intently.

JOLIE(CONT)
(singing)
"Here, am I sitting in a tin can."

INT. 7 BAMBOO BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Zephyr is at the bar, flanked by Petey and Carl.

CARL
Yeah, Zeph here was big time. Almost big time!

PETEY
A DJ right? Of House? Trance? Jungle?

Zephyr slides suspicious eyes from Carl to Petey.

PETEY(CONT)
Happy Hardcore? Electro?

ZEPHYR
Variants on house, with darker and psychedelic tones. I like to play to the room though...keeping
(MORE)

ZEPHYR (cont'd)
in mind the more massive the room, the better.

CARL
He was fuckin lined up to play the main room at Homebase. Right before Satyrn and Sceptyr, that would have been it. That would have been fuckin huge!

Zephyr grimaces.

Petey clenches his teeth, perceiving awkwardness.

PETEY
Well. What happened?

ZEPHYR
Some hotshit cop searched a bunch of us, there was a bag of pills in my crate.

PETEY
Fuckin hell.

Carl nods his head, wide eyed and smiling.

ZEPHYR
With my probation I had to stay off the scene.

Carl raises his arms and pivots towards anyone that will look at him.

CARL
Fuck the police!

Zephyr 'TCHS' and grabs Carl's arm to try and quiet him.

INT. 7 BAMBOO - LATER

Petey is onstage singing Kate Bush' "Running Up that Hill". His sweaty figure is unquestionably drunk.

PETEY
(singing)
"It doesn't hurt me, so you wanna feel how it feels?"

Daphne and Zephyr are in the booth, tipsy and sitting close in discussion.

ZEPHYR
It is so far beyond sadness, it is beyond ambivalence towards life--

DAPHNE
--If you don’t give a shit, then why don’t you just not give a shit? Just stew and marinate till life comes to a close naturally.

ZEPHYR
Because I don’t give a fuck. When I stopped feeling sorry for my lack of any bit of success or happiness...it was all just completely futile.

Onstage Petey performs an awkward ballet maneuver.

DAPHNE
You really want to die before you have heard the next Radiohead album?

Zephyr pokes Daphne emphatically.

ZEPHYR
Now that’s a compelling point actually! Or seen the next Tarantino movie!? Fuck!

Daphne grins satisfied.

ZEPHYR(CONT)
Buuut,yeah... this world is complete bullshit. It’s all coming to a rapid, violent end, and I’m just sick of being...even an insignificant participant in it all.

Daphne sucks on her lips contemplatively, then raises her glass. Zephyr raises his own and they clink glasses.

DAPHNE
I have to agree with you on your hopeless view of humanity unfortunately. I suppose I can respect your perspective... although, I intend to be the last one dancing when the party’s over.

Daphne looks deep and lovingly into Zephyr’s eyes, resting a hand on his arm.

PETEY
(singing)
"And if I could, I’d make a deal with God, and get him to swap our places. Be running up that hill, be running up that road..."

INT. 7 BAMBOO - LATER

Zephyr is onstage performing Hanson’s "Mmmbop".

ZEPHYR
(singing)
"You have so many relationships in this life,only one or two will last, you go through all this pain and strife, then you turn your back and their gone so fast..."

Petey and Daphne are dancing with held hands up in the air.

Carl stands against the wall making out with a woman clearly twice his age.

INT. 7 BAMBOO BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jolie and Jove sit close at the bar. Jove is disheveled, red in the face, drunk. Jolie is smiling, relaxed, but composed.

The sounds of Zephyr’s performance carries over into the bar area.

Jove rests his hand on Jolie’s knee.

JOVE
(laughing)
Oh shit...I think I missed you a lot.

JOLIE
Of course you did! I’m awesome.

Jove grimaces joyfully.

JOVE
We were awesome.What happened to us?

JOLIE
Well, we were rolling, coming down...when everyone crashed, we
(MORE)

JOLIE (cont'd)
crawled into the closet. You ate me out for like two hours. It was ridiculous.

JOVE
Well yeah but--

JOLIE
But we were stupid, not ready or smart enough. Friends don't fuck, and you didn't step up.

Jolie grabs Jove's hand off her knee and holds it.

JOVE
You were my best friend Jole, and I really, I just regret--

Victor appears into the frame, surprising the two.

Victor takes notice of them holding hands as they let go and drop their hands to their sides.

JOLIE
Victor?!

VICTOR
Here I am...as invited.

Jove extends his hand to Victor.

JOVE
Hi! I'm Jove.

VICTOR
Yeah, you fixed my toilet this morning...and padded the bill.

Jove frowns with furled brows.

VICTOR
(to Jolie)
Ready to go?

JOLIE
Come meet my friends Victor. That's Zephyr right up there.

Jolie points towards the stage, Victor doesn't look.

Jove stands up off his bar stool.

VICTOR
That’s okay actually. If you are sober enough I was hoping to leave, we still have time to see your work.

JOVE
You’re sort of a rude man, Victor.

Jove leans in towards Victor, looking deeply into his eyes.

JOVE (CONT)
Let me get you a drink Vic...Jolie, what do you think Victor here wants to sing?

JOLIE
I don’t think he wants to sing.

Victor looks at Jove with intense yet suppressed rage.

Jove burps.

JOVE
What kind of man doesn’t want to sing?!

Victor steps in between Jove and Jolie, facing off against Jove.

Jolie steps between them.

JOLIE
Okay Jove! That’s enough.

Jolie shoves Victor away towards the exit.

JOLIE
(to Victor)
Go outside. I’m going to say goodbye to everyone, and I’ll be right out.

Victor walks backwards towards the exit.

He looks at Jolie, he looks at Jove; he turns around and leaves.

Jolie looks at Jove as if he were a sick, wet dog that just chewed up her favorite shoes.

JOVE
Urgh. I missed you. I’m not drunk. I missed you.

INT. 7 BAMBOO - MOMENTS LATER

Zephyr is wrapping up his incredible performance.

Carl is near the front of the stage, making out with a completely different woman who is in a leg cast, precariously balancing on crutches.

Daphne and Petey are in front of the stage dancing, singing and waving their hands.

ZEPHYR
(singing)
"Mmmbop, ba duba dop Ba du bop, ba duba dop. Ba du bop, ba duba dop. Ba du, yeah. Mmmbop, ba duba dop. Ba du bop, Ba du dop. Ba du bop, Ba du dop. Ba du, care"

EXT. PARKING LOT AT LARGE WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Jolie and Jove are leaning on Jove’s work van, a few empty feet stand between them.

Zephyr is sitting Indian style on the concrete ten feet away, playing a slow melody on a HARMONICA.

JOLIE
There’s no need to be embarrassed.

JOVE
I play the clown too much to ever be embarrassed. It’s just a slight tinge of shame and regret...and these are the motions of apology.

Jolie snickers.

JOLIE
I am ignoring your motions, you drunk.

Zephyr stops playing harmonica.

JOVE
I am quite anxious as to what this all may be about.

ZEPHYR
(conspiratorially)
I think a plot is afoot.

The HIGH PITCHED SOUND of a straining, weak motor arises.

Zephyr, Jolie and Jove crane their heads over toward the noise.

Carl approaches on board a motorized (standing) scooter.

He pulls up in the spot adjacent to Jove’s van and dismounts with flair.

Jolie’s eyebrows raise, she smiles politely with slight condescension.

JOLIE
Sweet ride Carl.

JOVE
At least he doesn’t have a flat.

Carl makes an effort to high five everyone.

Zephyr stands up to high five earnestly.

JOVE
Well, shall we?

Carl pulls out a cheap metal pipe and lights up some weed.

Zephyr smiles and looks at Jove.

JOVE
Oh. Lovely.

Jolie looks amused.

JOLIE
Carl. May I?

She reaches out.

CARL
Fuck yeah.

Carl hands Jolie the pipe.

Jove looks judgmental as Jolie lights up.

EXT. PARKING LOT AT LARGE WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jolie, Jove, Carl and Zephyr stand before the retracting loading door of the warehouse.

The door slides up, revealing Daphne in the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The friends are inside an immense warehouse with rows of shelving 30 feet high. The business is closed for the day, but pallets are everywhere, and the warehouse packed with forklifts, conveyors, balers and product: sex toys and pornography.

Jove giggles and pulls a hot pink strap-on dildo from a box on a conveyor.

Ten feet from him, Zephyr is inspecting a ball gag.

Carl approaches a sex doll tentatively, he reaches out and takes the hand of this doll. He inches in closer and gently kisses his clothed groin region into the dolls groin region.

Daphne stands with arms crossed, surveying the scene, taking pleasure in watching her friends explore the warehouse.

Jolie approaches Daphne.

JOLIE
Interesting place you have here.

DAPHNE
I know right?! Petey’s work is like a second home to me.

Footsteps approach. Petey arrives from the back of the warehouse, still in a blue work shirt and carrying a clipboard.

Petey shoves his fingers in his mouth and elicits a loud WHISTLE.

PETEY
Hello, can everyone approach, please gather round.

The confused friends shuffle in. Carl drags the sex doll with him.

Jolie grabs the doll and throws it as far away as possible.

PETEY
Thank you all for coming, I imagine you are curious what this may be about.

Daphne looks with amused, puppy love towards her husband.

ZEPHYR
Well, I think a plot is afoot.

Zephyr projects an insincere, sarcastic smile.

PETEY
Perhaps, but we’ll get to that...

Jove looks intently.

PETEY
In this environment I am a man of great import. Although colorful, this is neither Sodom nor Gomorrah. This is a distribution facility that provides fulfillment of orders to over 1,400 individual clients, including a unique mail order catalog with our own brand character on the cover...

Carl raises his eyebrows, impressed.

PETEY (CONT)
As the floor manager, I see that things run smooth, and command a team that relies on my guidance--

DAPHNE
--Petey hunny?

PETEY
Right. I say all this so that you will know I am a serious man. Decent, proud and concerned for the fellows that walk with me in life.

Daphne scans the faces of her friends.

A look of confusion arrives on Jolie’s face.

DAPHNE
Hunny!

JOVE
(whispering to Jolie)
This is the best career day ever!

PETEY
Right! Moving along...We all had fun last night, it was my great pleasure to acquaint myself with all of you. Zephyr, would you come to stand by my side please?

Zephyr is amused and complies at slow speed, moving to stand next to Petey.

PETEY
Reunited friends, and new ones.

Petey touches his chest.

PETEY (CONT)
I was touched by you Zephyr, your deep sense of life, your stepped upon creative soul, and your quiet humble honesty.

Zephyr is embarrassed, conversely making and then averting eye contact with Petey.

PETEY
As a man with concern for my fellow man, it is my duty to do what I can, where I can...No, I should say we.

Petey reaches his hand out for Daphne to join him. Daphne approaches and takes his hand.

PETEY
Now, after the great fun of our evening last night, my wife and I had a long discussion...

Petey looks at Daphne.

PETEY (CONT)
A plan is indeed afoot Zephyr...

Petey looks at Zephyr.

PETEY (CONT)
We will, all of us together... throw a rave party!

JOVE
What the fuck?!

Jolie’s mouth is agape.

Carl nods, squinting and smiling.

A look of concern overcomes Zephyr, he looks to Daphne, then Jolie, then Jove.

JOVE
And how will we do that?!

PETEY
We will soon get to the details, but I would say by dividing our skills and specialties into task based assignments in a communal type non-hierarchical organization, with Daphne and myself acting as nominal leaders...facilitators really.

Carl smiles and nods.

Zephyr looks expressionless.

JOVE
Where are we going to throw this rave?!

Jolie has regained some composure.

JOLIE
Right here dummy? Why do you think they brought us here?

DAPHNE
Listen guys this is actually well thought out!

Jove begins to walk emphatically, alternating glances between the friends.

JOVE
We are fucking grown ups now! I haven’t raved in at least ten years! More to the point I have been embarrassed for the fact that I ever did in the first place!

Zephyr slightly jerks his head back, stung.

CARL
Hey man, we had fucking good times! Own your shit!...I just never tell anyone about those days.

JOLIE
Look! It was the nineties, we dressed weird, listened to shitty music, did too many drugs and maybe derailed our life trajectories. But there was something fucking rad about the whole time.

Jolie looks angrily at Jove.

JOLIE(CONT)
Don’t try and downplay that shit Jove, you sad fucking sack.

Jove seethes.

Zephyr looks tensely at Jove and rubs his face.

Uncomfortable moments pass.

JOLIE
But, I don’t think it’s possible to even go back. I don’t think playing dress up, and putting on what would inevitably be a pathetic shadow of our youthful glories would help anyone.

Jove has calmed down.

JOVE
Right! And sorry Zephyr, but it would probably make us all want to kill ourselves! It’s a hopeless idea!

With a furled brow Petey bites his lip sadly.

Daphne looks scornful with arms crossed.

Carl is wide-eyed, with his mouth agape.

Jove and Jolie sigh with reluctant righteousness.

ZEPHYR
Well fuck it...I’m for it.

Surprised looks all around.

DAPHNE
Zephyr?

ZEPHYR
It’s a pretty dumb idea, Daphne. It sounds suicidal.

Zephyr performs a humorous gesture with his hands that implies ’just like me’.

ZEPHYR
But what have we got to lose?

JOVE
And you wouldn’t kill yourself? For now at least, until the rave?

JOLIE
Obviously dummy!

Petey has a look of satisfaction.

Carl nods wildly with approval.

JOVE
(assertively)
All right then...details? Booking, promoting, marketing, fucking decorating?!

DAPHNE
We’ve thought about this Jove. It’ll be a lot of work, but we can do it.

Daphne looks to Petey.

PETEY
Right. Carl you start looking for acts through your store, Zephyr you too....old scene connections.

Carl nods with a smile. Zephyr nods.

DAPHNE
But all of us should try to drum up some DJs...Oh! and ask them if they have lights, anything helps.

PETEY
Right! And Daphne here, she will be in charge of this. Getting the image and decor together.

DAPHNE
Zephyr, you are DJ-ing of course.

ZEPHYR
Again, what have I got to lose?

Jove makes a gesture to indicate ’look around here’.

JOVE
Okay, and how are all these plastic pussies and dicks going to fit in.

PETEY
Right, well now we’re talking shop but...our inventory is coming up in three weeks, we let our stock dwindle down beforehand. What’s left can be consolidated and shored up in the adjacent room, well secured.

Petey points to an adjacent warehouse wing.

PETEY
It’ll take a few days but my crew can get the entire floor area cleared.

Petey makes a broad motion across the warehouse.

JOLIE
Okay, so sometime after three weeks we can do this thing.

PETEY
Not sometime after. In three weeks.

Jove looks concerned.

PETEY
Christmas season is coming up, then Valentines after that, next years product lines are coming. Right after our soiree, I’ll be receiving round the clock, this place will be stuffed to the giblets by months end.

DAPHNE
(emphatically)
We need to hit the ground running.

Zephyr smiles conspiratorially.

PETEY
So that’s it for now, make sure we all reconvene, keep each other apprised and make strides everyday to make this happen.

Petey claps his hands.

PETEY
Take a look around everyone, pick something nice out for yourselves.

Petey claps again to wrap things up.

Carl ’WOOTS’.

Jolie and Jove look at each other with apprehension.

Carl beelines off to find his sex doll. Zephyr follows him.

Petey and Daphne approach Jove and Jolie, taking them aside.

PETEY
You two.

Petey points between Jove and Jolie.

DAPHNE
Can you guys micromanage Carl and Zephyr on this?

PETEY
And we need marketing and promotions from you guys.

Petey points from Jove to Jolie.

PETEY
I understand your apprehension, but--

JOLIE
--We’re on board. 100%, right?

Jolie looks to Jove, who has concern on his face.

JOVE
Absolutely. It’s just. If the people come, there’ll be drugs. Copious amounts of drugs...then there’ll be police too.

Jove looks at Petey and Daphne with concern.

Petey takes on a satisfied, confident grin.

PETEY
Trust me, in that there won’t be a concern. Issues of safety, and the law, will be handled in the Petey department.

Daphne smiles and kisses Petey.

Jolie and Jove look at each other apprehensively.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Carl and Zephyr lean against a warehouse wall, Zephyr is smoking a cigarette.

Carl has a gentle arm around his new sex doll.

CARL
Lemme see what you got.

Zephyr hands him a sexual restraint kit.

Carl inspects it, pulling out the contents: a ball gag, various ropes, and ominous belts.

Zephyr exhales from a large drag, Carl giggles.

CARL
You’re kinky!

ZEPHYR
No. I’m very vanilla.

Carl understands, his face registers as much concern as it ever will.

CARL
You said you wouldn’t do it, right?

ZEPHYR
Three weeks.

Zephyr stubs out his cigarette.

INT. JOLIE’S CUBICLE - DAY

A computer is illuminated with design work. A background of colorful saturated colors fill the image.

Jolie, bites her lip, staring at the screen and thinking.

"Zephyr" is on the design.

Jolie types out ’Raveheart’ near the top. She begins to cycle through fonts, changing the look.

VICTOR
Jolie?

Jolie is startled.

Victor is standing close behind her. He leans in even closer, looking over her work.

VICTOR
What’s this now?

His face curiously scans the work.

VICTOR
(condescendingly)
Not one of our clients...Certainly nothing that helps my campaign.

Jolie swivels around, she pecks Victor on the cheek.

JOLIE
This is...we’re planning a rave.

Victor’s eyebrows raise with shock.

JOLIE (CONT)
The Zephyr thing...The whole idea is, this can be a good thing for him, the finale to an unfinished act. We have to try something. So he won’t kill himself!

VICTOR
Therapy maybe? I’d 5150 his ass if it were me.

JOLIE
Hey!

VICTOR
A rave Jolie?! Really?! I hope this is more wacky theme party you are talking about then ecstasy orgy!

JOLIE
We’re really doing it Vic.

Victor looks disappointed, slinking back. Jolie takes his hand and draws him close.

VICTOR
And this is happening where?

JOLIE
Right here, Redwood City. The other side of town.

Victor balks.

VICTOR
What would a city councilman think about this kind of juvenile, destructive thing going on in this city?

Jolie shoots Victor a "come on" look.

VICTOR
The work you’ve done for me looks great Jolie. Your accounts are doing fan fucking tastic. But, I’m going to put the foot down and say no personal projects on company time for now.

Jolie releases Victor’s hand.

JOLIE
Oh, come on!

VICTOR
Jolie...I’m crazy about you. I know you are dealing with some heavy, important things. You have my support, just not in illegal matters.

Victor takes Jolie’s hand.

JOLIE
Victor.

VICTOR
Don’t let your past drag you down.

Victor strokes Jolie’s cheek.

VICTOR (CONT)
I’m not so sure...Jove...is the best influence on you right now.

JOLIE
(jokingly)
I’m a big man now Victor...And you’re the only rebound lover for me... don’t be jealous.

Jolie winks.

Victor smiles.

VICTOR
Lunch. One hour, my treat.

Victor exits the cubicle.

Jolie slowly swivels around to the computer, sitting upright.

Jolie sighs low and slow. She looks over her shoulder.

On the illuminated computer screen, she clicks open a layer of her flyer featuring William Wallace, screaming.

She performs a maneuver that creates a saturated psychedelic look to his face.

Jolie smiles with satisfaction.

INT/EXT. JOVE’S VAN - DAY

Jove and Hector are driving between jobs.

The radio is blaring some Sly and the Family Stone.

JOVE
(singing)
"I - am everyday people"

Hector is not amused.

JOVE
Do you party Hector?

HECTOR
(Suspiciously)
I drink beer some. But I don’t think I party whatever way you party.

JOVE
What do you think of raves...raving?

HECTOR
I went to Iraq so I could be American. Drugs, and that kind of music are for crazy people.

Hector looks at Jove, judging.

JOVE
Yeah well...war is crazy.

Hector sits in silence.

JOVE
I saw on the internet, some guys in Mexico, like Cowboys. They were dancing to house music in really long shoes. Do you know anyone like that?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Petey and Daphne are standing against a wall. The couple look at each other.

Daphne lifts her binoculars up to her eyes and turns the corner.

Through her binoculars she spies a construction crew. They are cleaning items around the site.

Daphne pulls back, leaning against the wall again.

PETEY
I just paid off the Home Depot card, this is wholly unnecessary.

DAPHNE
Yes dear, but fun.

PETEY
I’m not certain this stuff will help the decor much either.

DAPHNE
C’mon it’s perfect for the jungle room.

PETEY
I see. Well, let’s embrace the rebel spirit then love.

Daphne peers around the corner again.

DAPHNE
They’re leaving.

Petey brings clippers up to eye level.

PETEY
I’m on it, bring the truck around.

Petey takes off around the corner, headed to the construction site.

Daphne rushes into their truck and starts the motor.

INT. RECORD SHOP - MEANWHILE

Carl and Zephyr are flipping through records in a small isle of a spacious record store.

CARL
What are we looking for?

ZEPHYR
I don’t know, I haven’t exactly kept up with music.

Carl pulls a record from the stacks.

CARL
Oh shnnnitt! I remember this one! You used to mix this with that fucking singing nun record!

Zephyr reacts, slightly grabbing the LP from Carl.

ZEPHYR
This was my record. That red sharpie mark in the corner.

Zephyr points it out to Carl.

ZEPHYR (CONT)
The cops must have sold my shit.

CARL
Fucking Pigs!

Zephyr grabs Carl’s arm.

ZEPHYR
Hey, come on Carl.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MEANWHILE

Petey runs into the construction zone, towards the orange, mesh perimeter fencing.

Daphne pulls the truck up to the curb.

Petey slips and falls in mud.

INTERCUT/INT. DAPHNE’S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Daphne winces.

INT. RECORD STORE - MEANWHILE

Carl madly rifles through a row of LP’s.

CARL
Any more of your records in here?

ZAPHYR
Nah, it’s been ten years...more.
Must have all sold.

Carl exhales through his lips.

CARL
Pppllllpppp.

ZEPHYR
Look at the price on this thing
now. I don’t even know any of this
new shit.

MINDY
Excuse me gentlemen can you please
keep it down in my store?

MINDY, 31, a tattooed,edgy record store clerk comes up on Carl and Zephyr.

CARL
Oh shit Mindy! You own this place now?!

MINDY
No,I’ve just worked here long enough to feel a sense of entitlement.

ZEPHYR
Hi Mindy.

MINDY
Hey Zephyr.

Mindy slightly grabs the LP from Carl’s hand and inspects it.

MINDY
You guys still listen to this kandi kid e-tard shit?

CARL
Fuck no!

Carl covers his mouth and looks to Zephyr, fearing he has offended him.

ZEPHYR
I actually don’t really listen to anything anymore.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MEANWHILE

Petey nervously is cutting free the orange perimeter fencing at one end.

He yanks at it to free it loose.

INTERCUT/INT. DAPHNE’S TRUCK - MEANWHILE

Daphne looks around nervously.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MEANWHILE

Petey is wildly running and clumsily coiling up a huge section of the orange fencing.

After collecting a roll he runs to the truck and heaves it in the back.

INT. RECORD STORE - MEANWHILE

MINDY
A rave?! Really? Hilarious!

CARL
Fuck yeah! Cool idea right?

MINDY
Kind of sounds like this years tacky sweater party.

Carl checks out Mindy, looking her up and down.

ZEPHYR
Hmmm. Less ironic, more...depressing nostalgia.

MINDY
Ah, the German word for it is sehnsucht I believe.

CARL
(excitedly to Mindy)
German?! Do you listen to Nachtfalke?

MINDY
No.

Mindy leans past Carl and indicates towards Zephyr.

MINDY (CONT)
It sounds cool though, when is this thing?

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MEANWHILE

Petey runs back towards another section of fencing. He trips and falls in the mud again.

INTERCUT/INT. DAPHNE’S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Daphne jumps with concern.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

Petey leaps up, undaunted, continuing his bolt towards the fencing.

He clips one end of the section of construction fencing, beginning to roll it up.

Petey is growing tired of breath, sweating as he runs to roll up a huge section of fencing.

INTERCUT/INT. DAPHNE’S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Daphne watches nervously.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

An previously unseen CONSTRUCTION WORKER, comes out from the frame of the home being constructed, beer in hand.

Construction Worker spies the theft in action.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
Hey fucker!

Petey has a shock of surprise.

INTERCUT/INT. DAPHNE’S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Daphne has a shock of surprise.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

PETEY
Ack!

INT. RECORD SHOP - MEANWHILE

Mindy is rifling through records.

MINDY
So, is Jove partaking in all of this?

ZEPHYR
Yeah.

MINDY
It sounds like you guys are going to need a lot of help.

Carl and Zephyr look at each other.

MINDY (CONT)
I have some sway here. Pick out 50 or so LPs okay? I'll see what I can do.

CARL
Fuck yeah!

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MEANWHILE

Petey is awkwardly tussling with Construction Worker, their large bodies bouncing off each other with hefty arms interlocked.

Daphne runs up from the truck. She shoves the two men apart, both of them losing their balance and falling in the mud.

Daphne grabs the huge roll of fencing and throws it in the back of their truck.

Both men are struggling up from the mud. Daphne takes Petey's hand and helps him, the two running back to the truck.

Construction Worker slips and tumbles again.

The truck engine starts up and Daphne and Petey flee the scene.

INT. RECORD SHOP - MEANWHILE

Petey and Carl are collecting records, tearing through the stacks.

CARL
We almost have 50 now, some of these look pretty dope.

ZEPHYR
Do you think she's on the level with us? When she said help, maybe she meant like employee discount or something, I still can't afford all this.

CARL
Naw, Mindy’s cool, she meant like fucking have these records, cause I fucking wanna bone it with Carl!

Zephyr is nonplussed.

INT. RECORD STORE - LATER

Carl and Zephyr shuffle towards the counter apprehensively. There are a few clerks available, Mindy being one. She doesn’t see them coming.

AGRO SKINHEAD RECORD CLERK, 45, shoots them a look and raises a hand that communicates, ’Come here’.

Carl shakes his head ’no’, then points his head towards Mindy.

Agro Skinhead Record Clerk bugs his eyes out and nods towards Mindy, indicating for them to approach her.

Carl and Zephyr go to the counter in front of Mindy,awkwardly dumping their fists full of records.

ZEPHYR
50 records Mindy.

Mindy looks up and smiles. She looks left and right.

She picks up a record and raises the scanner in the air, nowhere near the barcode.

MINDY
Beep.

Mindy sets the record to the side and raises another.

Zephyr giggles nervously.

MINDY
Beep.

Mindy sets the record to the side and raises another.

Carl looks confused.

MINDY
Beep.

Mindy sets the record to the side and raises another.

MINDY
Beep.

Zephyr and Carl look at each other,’what the fuck?’

Mindy begins to rapidly raise and move records to the scanned pile.

MINDY
Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep.

Agro Skinhead Record Clerk slowly looks over angrily.

Mindy raises one last record.

MINDY
Beep.

Mindy picks up the remaining stack and moves them to the scanned pile.

Zephyr looks scared. Carl nods his head smiling and looks around.

MINDY
I think that was about 50.

Mindy punches keys dramatically at her register. Illogical BEEPS occur.

MINDY
Okay that’ll be fifterbee hundrado dollars please.

She reaches her hand out to collect. Zephyr pats his pants as if ready to pay. Mindy pulls her hand back as if putting money in the till that doesn’t open.

She lifts all the records up to the counter and pushes them towards the two.

MINDY
Thank you, have a nice day!

Zephyr and Carl collect the records and walk towards the door.

Zephyr looks back, Mindy smiles.

Carl looks back smiling, Mindy looks away.

Zephyr and Carl pass through the metal detector, it begins BEEPING wildly.

Zephyr and Carl both jump.

The HUMONGOUS ROIDED OUT SECURITY GUARD moves in front of them, blocking their path to the door.

ZEPHYR
Fuck.

HUMONGOUS ROIDED OUT SECURITY GUARD
Y’all are fucked.

Mindy comes up from behind Zephyr and Carl.

MINDY
Guys, we’re messing with you.

Zephyr and Carl are shocked.

MINDY
Gimme these.

Mindy grabs the records from a confused Zephyr.

MINDY (CONT)
I’ll see which of these we have promo’s of in back, and some other shit like it.

ZEPHYR
Okay.

Mindy sets the records on a counter.

MINDY
Gimme your number, I can get them to you later.

CARL
You rock girl!

Mindy pulls a pen from her shirt pocket, handing it to Zephyr.

MINDY
How about get us a poster to promote the party and tickets to sell here, okay?

Zephyr searches through his pockets, Mindy outstretches her arm.

ZEPHYR
Of course! That’d be incredible.

Zephyr moves Mindy’s arm with his hand, looking for an un-tatted space.

MINDY
And 25 free tickets? It’s the only way I could get the manager to agree to this.

Zephyr writes his number out.

CARL
Fuck yeah!

ZEPHYR
Mindy,this is a huge help.

MINDY
Yeah you obviously need it. You came to a record store, real DJ’s download illegally and play from laptops nowadays.

Mindy makes a goofy face at Zephyr.

MINDY
I’m going to call you and set up what we talked about. And you owe me one.

Carl is joyously shocked.

ZEPHYR
Mindy, thank you so much.

MINDY
Hey, I got sway around here.

INT. VICTOR’S OFFICE - DAY

Victor sits alone in his spacious, modern office. He taps a finger then looks towards his desk phone.

He stands up, picking up the phone. He dials ’0’, putting the receiver to his ear and walking towards his office door, shutting it.

VICTOR
Police please, non emergency.

Victor sits back down, waiting.

VICTOR
Yes, I’d like to report a... a forthcoming crime.

INT JOVE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jove’s apartment is neat and clean, an attempted gallery of cool, shelves of alphabetized DVD’s and records, a large flatscreen TV, framed movie posters and art.

Jove carries a barstool up to Jolie.

JOVE
Now just hold on a second.

Jove runs into the other room. Jolie begins to scan the room, she walks over to Jove’s DVD’s and starts perusing them.

Loud sounds come out of the room, Jove is riffling through a closet.

Jove bounds from the other room, cheerfully with a box.

JOVE
Here we go!

JOLIE
Jove, you have the Notebook.

JOVE
Yeah, so?

JOLIE
Should I be worried about you?

JOVE
Yeah probably, but not because I’m a sentimental romantic.

Jove tosses the box to the floor.

JOVE
This box should have all my old gear.

Jolie and Jove flop themselves on the floor, opening the large box ceremonially.

JOLIE
Oh my God.

JOVE
Dear lord.

Jolie pulls a pair of Jnco jeans out of the box, fluttering her eyebrows with disgust.

JOVE
Yeah, well I’m not proud of those.

Jolie pulls a bright orange construction vest of the box, chortles.

JOVE
Yeahhhh.

JOLIE
Oh my God. Ahhh!

JOVE
Not that.

Jolie pulls a small purple vibrator out of the box. She turns it on with a BZZZZZ.

JOVE
If you remember, I used to--

JOLIE
--You used to shove this in people ears!

JOVE
It was a technique to heighten the rolling experience!

JOLIE
You were so pervy!

JOVE
It wasn’t a perv thing! It was a legitimate party tool!

Jove grabs the vibrator from Jolie, then points it at her.

JOVE
Hey this thing was in your ear more than once missy!

JOLIE
Yeah but I didn’t accost strangers with it.

Jove digs through the box looking for more.

JOLIE
Ear raper.

JOVE
You just had that big vibrating Pokemon that I’m sure you frottaged on innumerable occasions.

Jove pulls out dead glow-sticks, and starts doing some hand dances with them.

JOLIE
You loved that Pikachu.

Jove starts dancing the glow sticks around Jolie’s head.

JOVE
Yeah don’t worry, I yiffed that little yellow fifi a few times.

JOLIE
Ahhh! Gross!

Jolie shoves Jove away, then digs into the box once more.

Jolie pulls out a fuzzy visor and casts it to the side.

JOLIE
Here we go.

Jolie pulls out a cigar box.

JOVE
Yeah lets see that.

The two open the box, revealing photo’s.

JOLIE
(laughing)
Your beater.

INSERT PHOTO- A beat up old Ford Taurus with graffiti painted on it.

JOVE
An art car thank you.

They flip to the next photo.

INSERT PHOTO - Daphne and Carl, laughing and sitting on the grass in Dolores Park in 1997. Carl has nasty dreadlocks and a lot of pimples. Daphne has on a hippy dress with a flower behind her ear.

JOLIE
My kinda people!

Jove holds a photo to his chest, then reveals it to Jolie:

INSERT PHOTO - Jolie with her eyes wide and bloodshot, wearing a fuzzy vest and wings, in exaltation.

JOVE
One to talk.

Jolie grabs the photo.

JOLIE
Oh my god! Ack!

Jove takes the next photo as Jolie is distracted, looks at it, smiles and sets it to the side.

JOVE
You were quite a vision...

Jolie is nearly crying with laughter.

JOVE (CONT)
Where did that innocent flower go?

Jove digs back into the box, pulling out a fistful of kandi (raver bracelets).

Jove slips one onto Jolie’s wrist.

JOVE
Y’argh, behold me precious booty.

Jove begins to slip some kandi around his own wrists.

Jolie becomes excited.

JOLIE
Yeee! This is so much fun.

She grabs a fistful herself.

JOLIE (CONT)
Look at all this kandi...Hey this ones mine!

Jove grabs it from her.

JOVE
No! This is my most precious specimen. You gave this one to me.

JOLIE
I wouldn’t, it was my favorite, it had the little--

JOVE
--Sailor Moon charm, I know.

JOLIE
Argh, why’d I give it to you? You preyed on my generosity.

Jove bats his eyelashes to Jolie.

JOVE
You were taken by my charms...besides I gave you all my best kandi too.

JOLIE
Yeah. I threw that all out. I mat-oored you know.

A silent sigh overtakes the two.

Jove hands his concealed photo to Jolie.

INSERT PHOTO- Jove is sitting against a wall, his arm around Jolie, her head on his chest, they look peaceful and happy.

Jolie swallows.

JOLIE
Your bleached hair! Jove. you were such a nasty little tweaker.

INT. MUSIC INSTRUMENT STORE - DAY

Loud Skrillex sounding dubstep music is emanating from the keyboard room of Carl’s work. Carl approaches.

CARL
Ugh. Brostep.

Carl opens the sliding glass door to enter.

INT. KEYBOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Felix, 21, and Topper, 22 -pimply, looking like an Emo meets Jersey Shore mashup- are messing with a laptop, a drum machine and a loopstation, creating abrasive Brostep music.

TOPPER
(yelling)
We’re testing it out Carl!

CARL
(yelling)
I’m about to get diarrhea!

Carl reaches over and turns the volume down on a pre-amp board.

CARL (CONT)
I’m all for low-end frequencies guys, but there’s a limit.

FELIX
Respect Carl, but this is our niche.

CARL
This is just the bastard child of of like, Jungle, Grime and shit I’m hip to... okay?!

Felix and Topper raise their eyebrows.

CARL
Dammit! Do you guys have any friends?

TOPPER
Loads.

CARL
Interested in a booking?

FELIX
Where?

CARL
Warehouse across town.

FELIX
How much?

Carl shakes his head ’no’.

Felix and Topper look at each other.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Daphne is standing atop a 30 foot ladder, hoisting a long canvas roll over the pallet stacks. Jolie is about 20 feet away, standing atop a pallet jack, securing the other end of the canvas scroll.

DAPHNE
Okay, let it drop!

They release the canvas, it rolls down rapidly, covering the pallet stack. It is covered in lush, colorful, geometric patterns that look like a Jen Stark artwork.

Jove, standing on the floor beneath the canvas, takes a step back to admire.

JOVE
Daphne, this is incredible.

Daphne is climbing down the ladder.

DAPHNE
Thanks. Short of having a gallery show, I figured this is a good opportunity to show my stuff.

Jove begins lowering the pallet jack that Jolie is standing on top of.

JOVE
How’d you paint this so fast?

DAPHNE
There’s 5 more ready to go, and I need to paint another 5.

Jolie jumps off the pallet, a few feet off the ground.

JOLIE
You’re amazing girl.

DAPHNE
Opportunities don’t come like this everyday, I was inspired by the moment.

Jolie darts 15 feet away to another roll.

JOLIE
I need to take a peek.

Jolie rolls it out across the floor.

Jove and Daphne walk towards it. Jove WHISTLES approval.

JOVE
Hey, what’s this.

Jove picks up a large bag that unrolled from the center of the canvas roll.

JOVE
Christ! Hello there.

Jove inspects the hefty bag, it is full of a variety of pills.

DAPHNE
Surprise! I picked them up off the Silk Road.

JOLIE
Silk Road?

DAPHNE
The internet black market,like amazon or ebay but for cool stuff.

JOLIE
And you trust that?

DAPHNE
Not a hundred percent, but I had a 50/50 shot of getting stabbed buying it off the street in the Tenderloin.

Jove is inspecting the bag closely, shocked.

JOVE
Uh, is this a good idea?

Jolie snags the bag from Jove, looking impressed.

JOLIE
Yeah, it is Jove.

DAPHNE
Jove, we’re not talking to our parents or the press here. The fact is it really isn’t a rave without the candy.

JOLIE
And at least we’ll know what’s going around here. It beats inviting the drug hustlers.

JOVE
Are you sure of what you got here?

DAPHNE
Yup, Nike’s, Bart’s, Nitro’s, Toyota, Supermen, Ferrari’s and a hefty sack of Molly.

JOLIE
Christ!

JOVE
What’s Petey say about this?! Are you even sure any of this is legit?! Are you sure it’s good?!

Daphne smiles conspiratorially and looks between the two.

DAPHNE
Follow me down the yellow brick road.

INT. WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Daphne leads Jove and Jolie down a narrow, dimly lit hallway towards the back offices of the warehouse. Passing doors they reach Petey’s office.

They pass posters with penises and boobs on full display.

Daphne stands before the door. Loud music is heard emanating from the room, the Move’s "I Can Hear the Grass Grow".

DAPHNE
Whatever you see here, you haven’t seen here.

Jove and Jolie share an apprehensive smile.

Daphne ceremoniously opens the door.

INT. PETEYS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office is neat and perfectly organized, illuminated with dimmed fluorescent lighting. A large flat screen TV is playing artsy pornography that makes use of blacklights and day-glo colors.

As Jolie, Jove and Daphne enter, Petey and 3 others: COMB-OVER STOCKY MAN, 49; BALD MUSTACHE MAN, 52; and PINK SHOULDER PAD DRESS WOMAN, 55 are strewn about the room. Pink

Shoulder-Pad Dress Woman sits, half sliding off a chair, playing with an expanding Hoberman sphere. The other 3 sit huddled up at the feet of the chair, jabbering incoherently.

Petey jumps up excitedly.

PETEY
Jolie! Jove!

He rushes towards them, grabbing and kissing Daphne on the way.

JOLIE
Were you in a cuddle puddle Petey?!

Petey hugs Daphne tightly.

PETEY
I love you guys so much, Daphne, I love you so much.

JOVE
Another day at the office Peter?

Petey wildly turns his head towards Jove, with bugging eyes and grinding teeth.

PETEY
The wizards machinations were never hidden behind a curtain, it’s just like a changing room or a window.

Jove is a deer in the headlights as Petey runs a hand down his chest.

PETEY (CONT)
We don’t look out windows to see the world, it’s just another wall! The biggest libertines are the hand-wringers and pencil pointers!

Daphne unwraps a candy.

Jolie waves fingers near Petey’s face, while making a SPACESHIP NOISE.

DAPHNE
Lollipop?

Daphne shoves the lollipop in Petey’s mouth.

Petey grabs Jolie and Jove by the hands.

PETEY
Oh my goff you guyth, come ere, meet my friendth.

Petey begins to drag Jolie and Jove over to the cuddle puddle.

PETEY (CONT)
Goff I luff you guyth.

Petey attempts to drag Jolie and Jove down to sit with his friends.

PETEY
Thith is Joleeth and Jofe, they are the betht--

Comb-over Stocky Man excitedly extends a meaty paw.

COMB-OVER
(creepily)
--Hiiiii.

PINK-SHOULDER PAD
Oh! Oh! You’re dress is so beautiful.

Pink Shoulder-Pad Dress Woman strokes Jolie’s jeans.

BALD MOUSTACHE
There’s boxes in the music. But... they’re circles too.

Jove suppresses laughter.

Daphne puts LED gloves on Petey’s hands.

JOLIE
(to Jove)
It’s like an orgy at a Toastmasters meeting.

Petey starts doing a hand dance for his rolling friends.

Jolie and Jove climb up off the floor.

JOVE
(to Daphne)
I’m glad you’re at the helm Daphne. (to Jolie) I have to get back to work.

JOLIE
We’ll leave you to tend to the monkey house.

Jolie and Jove move towards the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jolie shuts the door to the office behind her and Jove. The two look at each other and let out a "PHEW".

Jolie and Jove begin to walk down the corridor.

JOLIE
(whispering)
That lady was the mayor.

JOVE
What?!

Jolie widens her eyes with affirmation.

JOVE
Are we in Eyes Wide Shut or something?

The door to Petey’s office opens behind them, Daphne rushes out towards the two.

DAPHNE
Hold up! I have something for you.

EXT/INT. JOVE’S VAN - LATER

Jove is piloting his vessel, with Jolie in the passenger seat.

JOVE
How many pills did Daphne give you?

JOLIE
That’s like guessing the amount of jelly beans in the jar.

Jolie, with a motion of showmanship pops something in her mouth.

Jove reacts excitedly and turns his head towards her.

Jolie dances her eyebrows.

JOLIE
Tic-Tac?

Jolie reaches out an offering of the candy mint, Jove indicates ’no’ with his hand.

JOVE
I wonder how much of my stunted adulthood is owed to that shit?

JOLIE
Probably none, I’m surprised you’re doin’ even this well.

Jove shoots her a glance.

JOVE
Seriously! I’ve had to get so much dental work.

JOLIE
Ya. And we probably released enough serotonin between us to power all the happiness of Disneyland.

JOVE
Now my happy-happy joy-joy well is just...dry.

JOLIE
You depressed?

JOVE
I’m like an angstful teenager.

Jolie bangs the dashboard with affirmation.

JOLIE
Me too! I used to wish I was depressed. I listened to Nirvana, worshiped Angela Chase, and just thought I was stupid because I was always a happy little bitch.

JOVE
Right?!

JOLIE
We have, like, adult onset teenage Emo-ism.

JOVE
Do you want to come over and watch the Crow?

JOLIE
I’d love to, but I have some LiveJournal-ing to do...nobody understand me!

EXT. JOLIE’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jolie walks briskly towards her entrance, the thumping sound of MUSIC grows as she nears, growing evident that it is 80’s hair metal.

Jolie, takes pause at her porch, getting her keys in hand and puts a curious ear to the door.

She unlocks, then opens the door to enter.

INT. JOLIE’S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jolie enters the living room where the stereo is blasting from.

John and Victor halt in mid-laughter, they are sitting on the couch sharing a large pizza and 6 pack of cheap beer.

JOHN
Oh!

VICTOR
Ah, hello.

Victor rises, walks around the couch and approaches Jolie with outstretched arms.

Jolie looks from Victor to John then back to Victor, crossing her arms.

JOLIE
What is this?

VICTOR
I came of to see you Jo--

JOLIE
--Uninvited?!

John looks away from the two towards the wall, sinking his head into his hand.

VICTOR
Yes...because I’m worried about you, and frankly, my campaign being in competent hands.

JOLIE
What is this?

Jolie waves her arms about the room.

John rises off the couch and turns around.

JOHN
Jole, I know about you and Victor... and its okay--

Jolie shoots her gaze at John.

JOLIE
--Shut up John, no its not okay!

Jolie shoots her gaze to Victor.

JOLIE (CONT)
I didn’t want you to know about this, I’m not even sure this is this Victor. I just wanted a rebound fuck buddy, I told you that!

Jolie stomps her feet and pounds her fists like a child having a tantrum.

JOLIE
Divorce isn’t enough to get this one out of my hair(points to John)and you’re acting like a jealous schoolgirl. I’m trying to get my groove back dammit!

VICTOR
You’re an adolescent Jolie! Have some balls and tell me...it’s Jove isn’t it?

A crazed look of shock overcomes Jolie.

JOLIE
It’s about meeee!!

Jolie drives a finger into Victor’s chest.

JOLIE (CONT)
Fuck you man! (to John) and fuck you too, John. Both of you get out of my house! Go...get a room and make your schemes in a room together, like lovers!

John and Victor look at each other hesitantly and confused.

JOLIE
Argh! Fine!

Jolie pulls out her hair, turns and flees from her home.

EXT. JOLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jolie tears across her lawn towards her car, pulling a Victor Arguello campaign sign out from the ground and throwing it violently.

JOLIE
Y'arrrrrgggggghhhh!

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Carl shouts into his phone, while loud drum and bass music plays in the background.

CARL
Yeah sure! Come on over.

Carl flips his phone closed. Zephyr stands behind two turntable decks on a fold out table, Mindy overlooking and bopping her head.

The living room contains all the contents of Carl's life,crammed in a disheveled hovel.

Mindy and Zephyr bop their head to the beat.

MINDY
Ya still got it...like riding a bike... A shitty, repetitious, annoying bike.

Zephyr shoots Mindy a sly look then flips his headphone to his opposite ear.

Mindy picks up a dirty shirt from the floor and surprises Zephyr, tying it over his eyes. Zephyr wildly shakes his head.

ZEPHYR
Ah! Stinky!

Carl smokes weed off a pipe, while clumsily dancing along to the music.

Mindy pulls out a record and switches it out onto one of the decks, Zephyr gets the idea and fumbles about blindfolded.

He cues up a spot on the LP; fading it in, it is oddball CHILDREN'S MUSIC, but sounds cool over the beat.

Carl gesticulates.

CARL
Sick! That's fresh!

Mindy skips behind Zephyr, taking his hand and guiding him to fade down the first record with the beat. Zephyr scratches and tweaks nobs, manipulating the kids LP. Meanwhile Mindy flips a different record onto the first deck.

Carl headbangs in a mad frenzy.

CARL
Uhhhhhhhhhhhh-

Zephyr loops a few measures from the kids LP on a pedal, then fades in the new record under it, fast tempo bongos from a 50's LOUNGE JAZZ record.

Mindy jumps up and down punching the air while Carl is losing it, vibrating like he's been taken over by Voodoo spirits.

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mindy is behind the turntable, a PUNK RECORD, something like Crime's "San Francisco's Doomed" is playing as she bops her head.

Carl is blasted on the couch next to Zephyr, who flips through a magazine.

CARL
I think she digs you man.

Zephyr darts his gaze towards Mindy, wondering if she heard Carl. Mindy is looking at a record.

ZEPHYR
(softly)
Yeah well...if you were right, and you’re not...I’d be suspicious of a girl with a savior complex.

Mindy slyly peeks at the two unnoticed.

CARL
I’m telling you --

An abrupt KNOCK.

ZEPHYR
(to nobody)
--I’m not long for this world anyhow.

Carl struggles up and ambles towards the door.

Zephyr moves his gaze to Mindy, Mindy looks towards him.

Mindy sticks out a tongue playfully, right as she drops the needle down on another track, something like the Buzzcocks"Ever Fallen in Love".

Carl returns with Jolie.

JOLIE
Look what the cat dragged in.

ZEPHYR
Hey.

Zephyr and Jolie bump fists, Carl walks towards a closet.
(in unison)

MINDY
Oh my god!

JOLIE
Oh my god!

Mindy runs from around the decks and hugs Jolie.

MINDY
How are you?!

JOLIE
Uggghhh... you?

MINDY
It’s been, like 100 years Jolie.

Carl returns from the closet, dumping a bunch of blankets on the floor next to the couch.

JOLIE
Yeah.

Mindy nods her head.

MINDY
I’ll be at the party...bringing some folks too.

JOLIE
Cool.

MINDY
But I have to run now.

CARL
That sucks.

Mindy and Jolie look at each other for a moment.

CARL
Later girl!

Carl extends arms to hug Mindy, she doesn’t notice.

JOLIE
It was great to see you again.

Zephyr and Mindy nod heads ’goodbye’ to each other. Mindy bounces off her heels and heads to the exit.

Carl brings his arms down.

Jolie sighs as she sinks into the couch.

ZEPHYR
What’re you doing here?

Carl watches Mindy walk towards the door.

JOLIE
Not shopping for a warm welcome.

The door closes behind Mindy.

CARL
--I gotcha set up right here.

Carl points to the blanket pile.

ZEPHYR
I mean... where’s Jove?

JOLIE
I dunno, why should I?... Thanks Carl.

CARL
--I’m over there (points across room)...but I don’t snore or anything.

ZEPHYR
It just seems like you and Jove--

Carl raises his head in thought.

JOLIE
--Stop. I need another man like I need poo in my mouth...Not. At. All.

CARL
I don’t think I snore. How would I know!

INT. CARL’S APARTMENT - LATER

Jolie lies in a blanket pile in the corner, like a hamster in it’s cage, illuminated by a silent TV and a room with too much blinking electronics left on.

Her eyes are open, looking out and across the room, deep in restless thought.

Carl elicits a wild snore.

CARL
SNNNNOOOOOOORRRRREEEEEE.

EXT/INT. SAVER’S THRIFT STORE - DAY (MONTAGE)

On a group outing, Jove, Jolie, Zephyr, Carl, Petey and Daphne are exploring the huge department store sized thrift store.

EXT. SAVER’S - DAY

The group shuffles through the front doors. Jove holds the door open for everyone.

Last in the line, Jolie hits the inside of Jove’s elbow, causing the door to hit him in the head.

INT. SAVER’S AISLE - LATER

Daphne holds a multi-colored puffy vest up to Petey’s chest, as Petey smiles broadly.

INT. SAVER’S - LATER

Carl peeks over a clothing rack, spying PROVOCATIVE MOTHER, 39, pushing a baby cart through an aisle. Carl eyes her, like a lion hunting prey.

INT. SAVER’S - LATER

Jolie steps out of a dressing room. She is wearing a colorful vinyl skirt and a sequenced silver top. Jove eyes her up and down and gives her an ’A-OK’ sign.

INT. SAVER’S - LATER

Jove, wearing heart sunglasses, busts out of a dressing room in a huge fuzzy pimp coat. He performs a wild spin and dances about.

INT. SAVER’S - LATER

Zephyr walks by a bin of video game controllers, halting. He bends down and picks up a Nintendo NES gun controller. He stares at it with consideration.

INT. SAVER’S - LATER

Carl stalks Provocative Mother as she walks down the aisle. He slyly picks up a ragged stuffed lion off the top of a rack. Provocative Mother stops to look at a dress. Carl halts, bends down and puts the doll inside the infants stroller.

Provocative Mother smiles at him, looking Carl up and down, while bending down to remove the disgusting doll from her child’s stroller.

INT. SAVER’S - LATER

Daphne slips a cassette tape into a boom box, hitting play. The friends are gathered about the electronics area and respond to the music by dancing about in a goofy fashion. Jove wears a hot pink wig, and the others similarly wear various odd objects found in the store.

INT. SAVER’S LATER

In a crowded fitting room, Carl’s feet are visible alongside a stroller and Provocative Woman’s feet.

Jolie slides out of the adjacent dressing room wearing a pixie dress. She passes by Jove who watches her, to examine herself in a mirror.

Jove steps up nearby behind her, biting his fingernail. Jolie looks herself in the eyes, then looks at Jove through the mirror. She spins around.

JOVE
Looks great--

JOLIE
--Back off Jove.

JOVE
Hey, I--

Jolie pokes Jove in the chest.

JOLIE
--Back the fuck off!

Nearby, Daphne takes notice, looking up.

JOLIE
Sorry. I’m not interested okay.

Jolie rushes back into the dressing room. Jove turns his head, sharing a glance with Daphne.

Carl peeks his head out from the dressing room.

CARL
What’s goin on?

JOVE
Nothing Carl.

CARL
I heard Jolie, like yelling out you.

JOVE
Please shut up now Carl.

Zephyr sneaks up behind Jove slowly, his Nintendo NES gun extended. He drives it into Jove’s back.

ZEPHYR
Why don’t we take this outside pardner.

EXT. SUBURBAN DOWNTOWN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Zephyr and Jove stroll.

JOVE
I have egg on my face.

ZEPHYR
You have an omelet on your face.

An old couple passes between them coming from the opposite direction, steadying each other as they walk.

JOVE
Am I making a fool of myself?

ZEPHYR
Your whole persona is making a fool of yourself...it’s the Jove cool.

Jove grabs the head of and swings around a parking meter.

ZEPHYR
Everyone used to think you and Jolie were together. It’s like Tony and Angela, it just seems right.

JOVE
I can’t help with this...deal with this whole thing anymore.

ZEPHYR
Serious?

The two stop on the sidewalk and turn to each other.

JOVE
Yeah... Look most the hard work is done. I’m just not cool with the drugs, and I’ve slaked off at work too much...Are you okay with--

ZEPHYR
--Hey don’t worry about me!

JOVE
It’s just that I--

ZEPHYR
--No need to explain Jove...We grew apart for a reason. You have your life.

JOVE
It’s not like that...I...Hey we can do something else... hang out soon. Right?

Zephyr looks at Jove with concern, many moments pass before he answers.

INT. CARL’S PRACTICE SPACE - DAY

In a small, white, unadorned room, Carl bashes at a guitar while his bandmates, FAT DRUMMER, LONGHAIRED GAUNT KEYBOARDIST, and BALD SKINNY BASSIST, play a dirgey, dark, METAL SONG.

Frustration overcomes Carl, he waves his hands about and yells into the mic.

CARL
Alright, alright! Cut it!

The band derails, the song sputtering out.

CARL
We need to focus guys, we are playing a rave, we gotta pep it up or something.

BALD SKINNY BASSIST
(tearfully)
I hate this idea.

LONGHAIRED GAUNT KEYBORDIST
We’re not peppy dammit!

A look of defeat comes over Carl.

FAT DRUMMER
Well, I wouldn’t mind playing with more...tempo.

BALD SKINNY BASSIST
Remind us again about how you used to play thrash!

CARL
Look, we can still sound like us, lets just try it...faster.

The bandmates look from one to another.

Fat Drummer starts pounding a repetetive, fast tempo, hard beat.

Carl looks over at Longhaired Gaunt Keybordist, who begins to play.

He struggles with the tempo at first, but adjusts. However the sparse keys don’t sound very good.

CARL
Turn it up!

Longhaired Gaunt Keybordist complies.

CARL
Tickle it more!... Prog-ier, like King Crimson.

The music starts to sound alright.

Without cuing Bald Skinny Bassist starts to play, it’s an ominous sounding minor scale progression, but sounds pretty funky nonetheless.

Carl turns forward towards his mic, pleased. He looks up with consideration, and then:

Carl pounds a monster riff through his guitar, distorted and nasty. However the sound all comes together very well.

In the first few bars of them playing together, it sounds as though this could pass for pleasant music.

INT. PRINT SHOP - DAY

A huge poster rolls out of a large vinyl printer.

It is the Raveheart poster, glorious, colorful and exciting.

PRINT SHOP WORKER catches it and removes after it completes printing. They begin to walk it ceremoniously to the counter.

EXT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

Mindy finishes posting the poster in the glass case outside the music store. She adheres a "Tickets Inside" sticker on the front. She closes and locks the case.

INT. DYNAMIC MARKETFORCE HALLWAY - DAY

Jolie walks forcefully down the hallway towards Victor’s office. She pauses at his door, then knocks.

JOLIE
Phoo.

The door slips open slightly, Victor peeks his head in the gap.

VICTOR
Hey...what’s up?

JOLIE
Can we talk?

VICTOR
Yeah sure, what’s up?

JOLIE
Can I, come in?

Victor cautiously steps out in front of the door into the hallway, closing his office behind him.

VICTOR
Okay. What’s going on?

Jolie looks at Victor suspiciously then pushes past him, opening the door to his office and entering.

INT. VICTOR’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jolie rushes in, Officer Drews is sitting at Victor’s desk.

Jolie does a double take, looking at Officer Drews as he looks up from his coffee to look at her. Jolie looks to the door as Victor comes in.

EXT. VICTOR’S OFFICE - A FEW MINUTE’S LATER

The door to Victor’s office is closed, MUFFLED YELLING can be heard from inside.

The door to the office flies open as Jolie rushes out, slamming it behind her. Jolie rushes down the hall.

JOLIE
I’m not voting for you!

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jolie is rushing through the warehouse, on a hunt. Things are coming together, Petey’s crew is listening to HOUSE MUSIC and putting final touches on the warehouse.

Jolie rushes around, OLD MAN WORKER pushes a handtruck of water next to a booth.

Carl pops up from hooking up a huge speaker.

CARL
Jolie!

Jolie halts.

CARL (CONT)
Listen to this.

Carl powers up the speaker in back and the house music playing then blares through it, the woofer visibly shaking.

Jolie is taken aback, but Carl just beams a huge smile.

CARL
Mega!

JOLIE
(yelling)
Where’s Daphne?!

CARL
This shit bumps!

Carl bops up and down.

Jolie is exasperated and runs off. She continues running through the warehouse towards the back offices.

She approaces a ladder that Daphne is atop, setting in place a laser and light rig suspended from the ceiling.

JOLIE
Daphne!

Daphne is startled and begins descending the ladder.

DAPHNE
What is it girl?!

JOLIE
Shit’s getting critical.

Now off the ladder, Daphne puts her hands to Jolie’s shoulders.

DAPHNE
Okay, breathe...what’s going on?

JOLIE
It’s Victor.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Jove and Hector are on a nondescript lawn, Hector feeds the snake through a sewer line cleanout as sewer water overflows.

HECTOR
Oh yeah! I’m at the spot now.

He yanks at the snake while flipping the machine into reverse, then he pushes it forward, holding the line steady while it chomps at the obstruction in the line.

JOVE
You’re a natural Hector.

HECTOR
Not really. I just work hard and learn.

JOVE
Well, you'll be a better tech than me.

HECTOR
I know, but it's because I care.

The line pops, Hector has unclogged it, and the water begins to drain down.

JOVE
Boo-yah, ya got that one.

Hector flips the snake into reverse.

HECTOR
You know. I thought you were estupido, a real lazy asshole--

JOVE
--Thanks.

HECTOR
No, but you care about stuff. Like politics, and your rave...just not this job.

JOVE
Yeah.

The snake machine whirs, continuing to retract.

HECTOR
You should marry that girl Jolie, and just do whatever she tells you to do.

JOVE
That's terrible advice.

HECTOR
Yeah, well...If I didn't listen to my esposa.--

JOVE
--It's not as simple as just marrying someone, I can't just marry anyone I want!

Hector looks at Jove with pity, Jove's look of frustration dissolves to pensivity.

The snake completes its retraction. Hector pulls the line out revealing a whole ton of tree roots coiled around the line.

HECTOR
The root of the problem eh?

JOVE
Yeah, it’s always roots.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - EVENING

Petey stands, half leaned at his desk, with Bald Mustache Man seated in his desk. Jolie and Daphne have just entered and shut the door behind them.

Daphne walks over to Petey, taking him aside and the two WHISPER.

Jolie and Bald Mustache Man shoot each other a friendly head nod and half hearted smile.

BALD MUSTACHE MAN
Hello, I’m Meynard.

JOLIE
Hi, Jolie...we met before, kinda.

MEYNARD
I don’t think so. I never forget a face...Truly. I never do.

Daphne and Petey break their huddle.

PETEY
Yes Jolie, this is Meynard Bell, the Chief of police. Meynard, this is Jolie.

With a nod of his head:

MEYNARD
Jolie, it’s a pleasure.

Jolie winces towards Daphne, confused.

PETEY
Meynard, I was just talking to Daphne, we think she ought to show you the security detail, demonstrate what we got setup.

Meynard begins to stand as Petey kindly waves a hand towards the door.

MEYNARD
Ah yes the tour! Very exciting.

The two move towards the exit, Jolie stiffens her posture and moves to the side to let them pass.

As the door closes, Petey walks around his desk, sitting. Jolie moves her head to connect eyes with Petey.

JOLIE
You have some important friends.

PETEY
I do. People of nominal importance in a somewhat limited area, however.

JOLIE
But why--

PETEY
--Moreover, these are people of a certain character, with common history, with bonds in ethics and philosophy.

Petey opens a drawer, withdrawing a small ring.

PETEY
My grandfather designed this.

He extends his arm and Jolie receives it.

Jolie inspects it, the ring features an ornamental sun with a cog wheel within it.

JOLIE
You’re a mason?!

With a laugh:

PETEY
No, no! Not quite. Secret societies...well, secrecy is implicitly nefarious, right? Closed ideologically, bigoted even.

Jolie is listening intently, mouth agape.

PETEY (CONT)
We are simply friends, who help each other where we can, connected with a past. My grandfather was a Wobbly, Meynard’s too. Certain communists, socialists, anarchists...intellectual idealists and philosophers. A certain way of being was driven under ground, right?

Petey looks up at Jolie, ’is she listening?’ She returns the look, ’yes’.

PETEY
So again, informal friends, meeting in living rooms for coffee and that sort of thing. This has all continued, and been passed along. We find ourselves in advantageous stations in life and...help each other.

Jolie thrusts the ring back quickly towards Petey.

JOLIE
How does a rave fit in to your clubs little secret world agenda?!

Petey giggles.

PETEY
Life puts all people, especially certain kinds of people in, discongruous stations. Our being tells us, us especially, to sing and dance and raise the voice of joy...but we carry guns and balance ledgers.

Petey rolls his ring about in his hands, looking into space.

PETEY
A good party quells the dissonance felt in our souls...This is like Christmas to them, to see me orchestrate this! Do you have any idea, how many darn art and wine street fairs I have helped them put together?

Jolie laughs.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING.

The warehouse is sparce, empty and awaiting party goers. Petey’s crew is milling about, one man runs across the empty floor. The pallat stacks and walls are covered by Daphne’s canvasas and support pillars have blacklight day-glo paint on the them. The stolen mesh is in a back sectioned off corner:the jungle room.

The yellow house flourescents flicker off, the large room is completely dark.

Moments later, lasers and colored lights pop on almost instantaneosly, dancing and flying about the room.

Daphne looks up from her lighting control grid, triumphant.

EXT/INT. JOVE’S VAN - MEANWHILE

Jove is in uniform driving along the street, discontent.

He picks something up from his dash, holding it up, it is the bracelet Jolie made him, he slips it on and sighs.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A line is forming in front of the warehouse, running about 25 people back, an odd assortment of aging CLUB-GOERS, GOTHS, RAVERS and HIPSTERS.Two of Petey’s crew stand in front of the yet to be opened doors.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Carl slips a turntable deck into place, as Zephyr watches.

CARL
Boom!

Zephyr inspects the mixer, checking the plug-ins.

ZEPHYR
You booked goddamn dubstep DJs.

CARL
Hey man it’ll bring some kids in...fucking sucks that Jove won’t be here.

ZEPHYR
Yeah, it does suck.

INT. WAREHOUSE (ELSEWHERE) - MOMENTS LATER

Daphne and Jolie walk along, spraying flourescent spray paint on the floors in broad swirled strokes.

DAPHNE
Ten minutes till doors!

Jolie stops spraying and stands upright.

JOLIE
I have to run an errand real quick.

She hands her can to Daphne.

DAPHNE
Girl, we’re about to open.

JOLIE
Yeah, there’s something I have to do.

DAPHNE
Be quick! Don’t miss Carl, his bands up at 10:00.

Jolie runs off.

EXT. DYNAMIC MARKETFORCE - NIGHT

Victor waits at the curb. He checks his watch and looks down the street.

A squad car rounds the corner and pulls up. Victor bends down and looks throught window. Trying open the passenger side door and failing, he receives a non-verbal cue, opens the back door and gets inside.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The doors to the warehouse open as Daphne steps out. The crowd has swelled somewhat outside, about 50 people.

Daphne leans into DOOR SECURITY MAN

DAPHNE
Okay, check everyone out, make sure they’re cool. Fred takes the cash and Martin slips them a pill...If they seem sane!

Daphne starts walking down the line of people.

DOOR SECURITY MAN
(to himself)
But goddamn, none of these fools look sane.

A FURRY, in line, dressed as a fox reacts and looks at Door Security Man.

DAPHNE
(yelling)
Alright everyone, thank you for coming to Raveheart! Have Ids and a crisp 20 ready. Be safe, drink water, and have fun!

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

AGED DJ, 42, is on the decks performing some GENERIC HOUSE music.

A group of 5 AGED RAVERS step onto the floor in front of him. Another group of 6 PARTY NOVICES in their 30’s enter as well. People begin to bop about, halfheartnedely dancing as the party just begins. 3 EARLY TWENTIES KIDS in modern club gear rush in, holding hands, "WOO-ING".

A WEEKEND PARTIER WOMAN in her 30’s slips a glow stick slowly out of her purse. She snaps it, it comes to life with illuminations as she raises it to the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - TWO MINUTES LATER

Weekend Party Woman’s glow stick is still in the air. The music is much harder now. Their floor in front of the DJ has about 50 people, dancing passionately. There are multiple glow sticks in the air and partiers wear LED Lights and other rave gear.

EXT. JOLIE’S HOUSE - MEANWHILE

Jolie’s house is dark except for lights illunating from the living room windows.

A cab pulls up, Jolie hops out of the back.

EXT/INT. JOVE’S VAN - MEANWHILE

Jove is driving down a suburban street. He lifts his cellphone up, the line is connecting.

JOVE
This is 67, hows it looking tonight?

DISPATCHER (ON SPEAKER)
Pretty quiet. We got Daryl up north and Luis on the south covering grave. You want to pull off?

JOVE
Yeah, take me off the field.

INT. JOLIE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jolie and John stand in front of the couch. Jolie looks at him seriously, almost panting with expectation. John awaits.

JOHN
I’m sorry John.

John’s eyes scan her face expectantly.

JOLIE
I’ve been a dick to you, but you’ve stayed good...and sweet.

Jolie "SIGHS".

JOHN
It’s alright Jolie, I know you--

JOLIE
--Look, we had a bad marriage. But we had good times too.

John smiles, touched.

JOHN
Yeah, we did.

Jolie takes John’s hand in a friendly manner.

JOHN
I’m moving into my Mom’s house.

JOLIE
Oh my God, thank God! Thank you Jesus!

JOHN
Glad I can still make you happy.

JOLIE
Sorry...Do you want to go to the party?

JOHN
Ah, you need a ride?

JOLIE
Yes I do.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MEANWHILE

There is a small line outside of people making their way in. Muffled house music emanates from inside.

Jove’s Super Rooter van pulls up across the street.

INT/EXT. JOVE’S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jove shuts down the van, looking across the street at the entrance hesitantly.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MEANWHILE

Petey, Daphne, Carl and Zephyr are in a circle on the floor near the DJ, dancing and bopping.
(Yelling over the music)

ZEPHYR
Where’s Jolie?

DAPHNE
She’ll be back...had an errand.

Daphne holds up baggy of pills.

DAPHNE
I’m going to run over and restock the door.

ZEPHYR
Hey, let me (grabbing the bag). I’m gonna grab a smoke.

Daphne releases the bag to him, shrugging.

INT/EXT. JOVE’S VAN - MEANWHILE

Jove bops in his seat, building courage. He takes off his seatbelt and begins to open his door when:

He see’s Jolie and John begin to cross the street. Lagging behind, Jolie grabs John’s hand and the two rush through the entrance.

Jove slams his door. He bangs his head on the steering wheel.

Looking up defeated he see’s:

A squad car is now parked in front of the warehouse entrance, it’s lights spinning.

JOVE
Fuck.

Officer Drews steps out from the driver side. Victor steps out from the backseat.

JOVE
Shit...Fuck.

Jove bites his lip, furls his brow and summons his courage. Opening up the van door, he exits.

INT. WAREHOUSE (NEAR ENTRANCE) - MEANWHILE

Zephyr is dancing forward through the crowd, approaching Martin with the baggy.

Victor rushes through the entryway, with Officer Drews behind him.

FRED
Hey!

Zephyr see’s them and hurries back behind some people, holding the bag behind his back.

He looks hard at Officer Drews, recognizing him. Officer Drews looks back, making eye contact- ’did he recognize Zephyr’?

INT. WAREHOUSE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Victor fight his way through the crowd darting his head about. Officer Drews follows close behind, turning his head back with curiosity.

VICTOR
(yelling)
They’re here somewhere!

Party-goers move aside and are surprised by the two hustling through the throngs.

INT. WAREHOUSE (NEAR ENTRANCE) - MEANWHILE

Zephyr is concerned, he hands the bag over to Martin.

ZEPHYR
Here man.

Zephyr moves towards the entrance. Jove rushes in and bumps into Zephyr.

ZEPHYR
Cops. Cops!

JOVE
I know, where’d they go?

Zephyr nods towards the stage.

ZEPHYR
That way.

Jove rushes off towards the main stage.

Zephyr looks towards him,watching Jove go.

ZEPHYR
Fuck!

Zephyr turns and walks out the exit.

INT. WAREHOUSE (STAGE AREA) - CONTINUOUS

Jolie and John have now joined Petey, Daphne and Carl dancing.But the group breaks, turning to look as Victor rushes towards them with Officer Drews.
(yelling over music)

CARL
The fuzz! Shit!

JOLIE
Victor! What the fuck man!

Victor and Officer Drews halt in front of the group.

VICTOR
I’m sorry Jolie. I need to show I can do right by this city.

While music continues a crowd begins to form, alert to the police presence.

Officer Drews steps forward.

OFFICER DREWS
We’re going to need this music shut down.

Petey steps forward and puts an arm on Jolie’s shoulder to calm her.

PETEY
Hold on a second please officer, I can resolve this. (to Daphne) Hold them off a sec love.

Petey rushes off just as Jove rushes into the group frantically. Jolie clenches her fists with anger.

JOLIE
Goddammit Victor, are you Dudley Do-Right or something?

Jove sidles up near Jolie, who is squared off against Victor.

JOVE
(to Jolie)
What is this?

JOLIE
(to Jove)
Just hold on, I think Petey can handle this...Hi.

JOVE
Hi.

Petey returns, Pink Shoulder-Pad Dress Woman is with him, wineglass in hand.

Victor is shocked as she approaches smiling at him.

VICTOR
Mayor Green!

Jove does a confused double take.

MAYOR
Hi Victor. What is it?

The Mayor beams a condescending smile at him, then takes a sip from her wine glass. Victor darts his head about, perplexed.

VICTOR
Well, multiple misdemeanors, felonies probably, disturbing the peace...they don’t have a permit for this!

MAYOR
They have a permit.

Petey smiles with satisfaction.

VICTOR
I’m at every City Council meeting, and--

MAYOR
--Check with City Hall Monday. They have a permit.

Jove and Jolie sheepishly share a look, probing for a reaction from each other.

Officer Drews begins to cool his posture and distance himself from Victor.

VICTOR
This is just--

MAYOR
--This is civic engagement Victor, a Council hopeful should be supportive of the arts.

Unbeknownst to Victor, Chief Meynard has approached from the side, watching.

Victor is losing it, seething. Party-goers crowd the group, spectating.

VICTOR
This won’t stand mayor, I’m--

Petey interjects.

PETEY
--Let’s let cool heads prevail.

Jove steps into the fray.

JOVE
(to Victor)
You are a total dickhead Victor!

Losing it, Victor’s face twists with overflowing rage when he sees Jove’s face, he pulls back a clenched fist and projects it straight for Jove’s nose.

Chief Meynard jumps into the action, reaching his palm out to catch the BLOW as he jumps between Jove and Victor. The punch is stopped.

Reflexively, Victor swings his left fist for a punch intended for Jove’s gut.

As Victor realizes with horror that the Chief of Police is standing in front of him, his hard PUNCH lands right in Meynards gut.

CARL
Yeah!!

Daphne turns towards Carl quickly, shooting him a ’shut the fuck up’ look.

The Chief feels the pain and bends, wincing. His two eyes slowly rise to shoot pure rage at Victor, who is horrified.

MEYNARD
Drews. Can you please arrest this...dickhead.

Drews steps in front of Victor, who is still in shock, and examines him with pity.

The mayor smiles, takes a sip of wine and looks from Jolie to Jove.

MAYOR
Have some good clean fun kids.

Drews begins to push Victor into the crowd, towards the exit.

Jolie and Jove slowly look each other in the eyes, searching, and not knowing what to say.

John walks forward from the crowd. Jove glances awkwardly at him.

JOHN
Oh. Hi Jove!

JOVE
Hi John.

John, hands in his slacks pockets, looks to Jolie.

JOHN
This is a very interesting get together. I’m going to make the rounds, k?

EXT. WAREHOUSE - A MINUTE LATER

Zephyr stands outside the rave worriedly shaking and sucking on a cigarette. Officer Drews breezes past him with an arm on Victor. Zephyr is surprised by the sight, backing away and turning his back.

Officer Drews gently guides Victor into the backseat.

While walking around his car to the front cab, Drews spots Zephyr and pauses.

Officer Drews walks back around and approaches. Zephyr slowly turns around.

OFFICER DREWS
Hey.

Zephyr drops his smoke and stomps it out.

ZEPHYR
Hey.

OFFICER DREWS
How are you?

ZEPHYR
I’m good.

Officer Drews examines him with sincere concern.

OFFICER DREWS
Good.

Drews slowly walks back to his cab and enters the squad car. The siren lights turn off as the engine starts.

INT. WAREHOUSE (NEAR STAGE)- MOMENTS LATER

Carl takes the mic, onstage with his band. They are clad in ridiculous black tight leather, but with glow sticks hanging from their necks.

CARL
What’s up y’all. We’re Beelzebub’s Binky and this song will probably destroy you!

Concerned looks pass between Jove, Jolie, Daphne and Petey.

The band jumps into the song from their practice.

INT. WAREHOUSE (NEAR ENTRANCE) - CONTINUOUS

Zephyr is slowly working his way towards the stage. The MUSIC from Carl’s band fills the warehouse, sounding really cool.

As Zephyr pushes through, the crowd is jammed, populated by an odd assortment of RAVERS, but also people from the various social groups in the friends lives, like PROFESSIONAL CO-WORKERS, PUNK ROCKERS, NORMALS, AGING GOTHS, SEAPUNKS, HIPPIES and BURNING MAN FREAKS. There is dancing, glow-sticks in the air, lights and lasers flying everywhere.

INT. WAREHOUSE (NEAR STAGE) - CONTINUOUS

Zephyr reaches his friends, the group is dancing and enjoying the music.

Zephyr breaks into the circle, putting an arm around Jolie and Jove’s shoulders. Jolie and Jove look at Zephyr and smile, then they look at each other.

The embrace breaks, Jolie and Jove move next to each other and bump shoulders.

Carl’s band reaches a particularly raucous point in the song, the four of them headbanging, jumping and gyrating.

The crowd responds with SHRIEKS, SQUEES, and ECSTATIC SCREAMS.

Our groups of friends dance wildly in a group circle.

Petey jumps into the middle and does a wild upper body spin. The friends respond with laughter and CHEERS.

Mindy enters into the group, everyone notices her.

EVERYONE
Hey!!

Zephyr smiles and gives her a big hug.

INT. WAREHOUSE (ENTRANCE) - LATER

Party-Goers are continuing to enter sporadically through the doors.

Small pills of ecstasy pass into the hands of attendees.

INT. WAREHOUSE (CHILL CORNER) - LATER

Old couches and big pillows fill the corner, a big fan blowing nearby. The HARD HOUSE music filling the warehouse is quieter here, with a small dividing wall separating the corner somewhat. Daphne, Petey, Carl, Mindy, Zephyr, Jove and Jolie are gathered in a circle.

Daphne ceremoniously passes a pill to each person, everyone watching intently as she does so.

Petey after receiving his, peers into the bag and reaches for another, Daphne slaps his hand playfully.

One by one the friends pop the pills in their mouth, some taking water immediately.

Jove pauses with consideration, and with a hand to her arm he stops Jolie from taking hers.

JOVE
I don’t think I’m going to roll.

JOLIE
Aw, come on Jovie boy.

JOVE
It’s just... I know I’ll just end up pawing you and drooling and telling you I love you and--

Jolie stops him with a playful double cheek slap.

Silence as they look into each others eyes.

Jolie grabs Jove by the back of the head, pulling them together, in a passionate, long kiss. They clasp hands.

Nobody misses the scene, the friends ’WOOT’.

Carl looks them up and down and bites his lip, wide-eyed.

The kiss breaks. Jolie removes her hand from Joves, taking his pill with it.

JOVE
I don’t want it to be like before--

JOLIE
--Okay. Shut up.

Jolie slips the pill under Jove’s tongue. Then she pops her own.

JOLIE
We’ll be kids tonight and grow up tomorrow.

INT. WAREHOUSE (STAGE) - LATER

Topper and Felix are onstage performing.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MEANWHILE

Fingers smear Vics Vaporub into a medical mask.

Daphne slips the mask over her face.

Petey pops a pacifier into his mouth.

INT. WAREHOUSE (ELSEWHERE) - MEANWHILE

Mindy slips a chain of glow-sticks around Zephyr’s neck.

INT. WAREHOUSE (ELSEWHERE) - MEANWHILE

Jove slips his kandi around Jolie’s wrist. Receiving it she weaves her hand around to take his. She backs up pulling him into the crowd of diverse people dancing wildly.

INT. WAREHOUSE (CHILL CORNER)- MEANWHILE

Carl sits on the couch with the Mayor. He rubs his hand up her thigh. Finishing a sip of wine she tilts her head back and closes her eyes.

INT. WAREHOUSE (ELSEWHERE) - MEANWHILE

John stands against a wall, people pass, and he bops his head off-beat.

He takes a sip of beer from a bottle.

Looking around, he makes eye contact with the man next to him...Hector.

John tips his beer.
(yelling over music)

JOHN
Hello!

Hector smiles to him.

HECTOR
Hello.

JOHN
I know one of the party planners here.

HECTOR
Oh yeah? Me too. Oh!

Hector indicates to SHY TINY WOMAN standing on his other side.

HECTOR
This is my wife, Maria.

Maria nods kindly and shakes John’s extended hand.

JOHN
Oh! Pleasure to meet you.

INT. WAREHOUSE (NEAR STAGE) - LATER

Hard trance music overwhelms the room.

LARGE AGED RAVER, 37, in a colorful tracksuit, leans against a huge pulsating speaker with his eyes close.

Petey is amongst the crowd at the front of the stage, sweat building on his brow as he dances passionately to the music.

Daphne puts her hand on his waist and draws herself in, doing a serpentine dance around her husband.

MAN ON STILTS passes by, making his way through the crowd.

Jolie leads Jove by the hand near Petey and Daphne turning towards him. She wraps her arms over his head and the two dance seductively.

Zephyr and Mindy face each other. Zephyr, holding glow-sticks, dances his hands in front of Mindy’s face and around her head. She bops up and down, smiling broadly and enjoying it.

A horizon of grided lazers descend upon the throngs of dancers and partiers.

Carl BURSTS through the crowd, his shirt off, wearing a blinking LED light headband.

CARL
YEAARGGGHHH!

His friends respond with a "WOOOO"; Petey, Daphne, Jolie, Jove, Zephyr and Mindy breaking off from their coupling and joining in a big, close group.

Zephyr tussles Carl’s hair. Daphne jumps up and down, water spilling out of her bottle. Mindy and Jolie hug tightly. Petey and Jove have an arm around each others back.

They dance wildly joined like a school of fish.

INT. WAREHOUSE (ELSEWHERE) - MEANWHILE

PIXIELIKE BUTTERFLY WINGED GIRL uncaps a can of flourescent spray paint. On a wall of the warehouse she tags in large lettering PLUR.

EXT. WAREHOUSE (BACK YARD) -LATER

Various RAVERS spread out across the cemented back yard area of the warehouse. The steady beat of the music spills out from the large opened retractable doors, but heard louder is the unintelligible VOICES of various groups of people.

Continuing the reverie outside: Petey, Daphne, Carl, Zephyr, Mindy, Jolie, and Jove share a glass pipe and menthol cigarettes. All wide-eyed, BABBLING amongst each other, with wide gestures and random groping.

Jove is performing slow Tai-Chi moves.

Nearby a POI FIRE DANCER puts on a show for everyone and no one.

Carl pulls a medical mask down from his face. He runs a hand across Jove’s face.

CARL
We should do this everyday! This should be life!

Petey is rubbing Daphne’s shoulders.

PETEY
(gleefully)
I want to sit down.

He sits down. He takes Daphne’s hand and rubs it as he sits.

Mindy rubs the hair on Zephyr’s arms.

MINDY
I love your arms. They’re really hairy but smooth too!

Daphne pulls her lollipop out of her mouth.

DAPHNE
Oh my god! What time is it...

She looks at her wrist, she is not wearing a watch.

DAPHNE
...Oh my god! Zephyr, you’re starting soon!

Petey stands up.

Jolie pulls back from a kiss with Jove, her hand behind his head.

JOLIE
I can’t fuckin wait for this!

Wide-eyed, a smile grows huge on Zephyr’s face.

JOVE
Dude, dude, dude! I’m gonna lose it.

Zephyr stares into space, standing stifly, coolly psyched out.

A LOW RUMBLE begins, indistinguishable from the pulsating beat of the music at first, but growing.

Poi Fire Dancer stops, the steady RUMBLE is loud now.

Petey, Daphne, Mindy, Carl, Jove and Jolie turn towards the sound, growing mesmerized. People in the periphery turn as well, facing out like penguins at the shoreline.

The sound comes from a long freight train, ambling down tracks on the other side of the warehouses periphery fence, but raised and visible.

CARL
Holy shit!

JOLIE
It’s exactly to the beat! Exactly!

JOVE
Trains are amazing!

The friends hit each others arms, but don’t dare break their line of vision.

PETEY
I want to ride the rails, like a hobo.

JOLIE
We could do it, we could hop on right now and do it!

DAPHNE
Petey! I did do that right after art school for like--

PETEY
--Aw you’re right! I remember now--

DAPHNE
--All across the country, it was amazing!

PETEY
You are the best person ever darling, I love you so much!

The train is still passing.

MINDY
You guys are the raddest ever.

JOLIE
You’re so rad!

John approaches from out of nowhere behind the group, hands in pockets.

JOHN
Hello everyone.

The group elicits meek statements like ’HEY’, ’HI THERE’, ’SUP JOHN’, in a quiet manner without shifting their gaze.

JOLIE
Hi John!

JOHN
This is quite a party I must say!...But, I really must be off...moving tomorrow!

John smiles and does a ’go get em’ motion with his fist.

JOLIE
Thanks for coming John!

John begins to walk away.

Jolie breaks from her spell, launches backwards and gives John a big hug. John cheerfully receives it.

JOLIE
I’ll see you soon pal.

Jolie, smiling, watches John walk away for a moment, then turns her gaze back to the train.

JOLIE
This is just...beautiful.

CARL
This is fucking sick!

JOVE
Are they always this long?!

JOLIE
No way! This is like, a special train!

CARL
A magic train...it’s like a spirit animal!

Zephyr’s gaze breaks, the spell broken.He turns his head to his friends, who are still mesmerized.

They "OOOH" and "AHHH" as though it were the finale to a fireworks display.

Zephyr spends a few quiet moments, looking at his friends and thinking.

Zephyr shifts sideways and takes Jolie’s arm.

ZEPHYR
Hey, I think I should go on now.

Jolie awakens.

JOLIE
Huh. Oh! Yay! Come on y’all!

JOVE
It’s time! Let’s go!

Carl is the last hold out, yet to break his line of sight away from the train.

CARL
Okay, I’m coming.

Everyone else is walking towards the warehouse entrance.

CARL
I’m coming...This train will still be here. I know it will.

INT. WAREHOUSE (STAGE) - MINUTES LATER

Lights and lasers dance over the large crowd. Zephyr stands behind his decks, ready. Jolie has the mic at the front edge of the stage.

JOLIE
Is everyone having hella fun?!

The crowd ERUPTS, glow-sticks in the air all around. A low and slow BASS from the turntable precedes the coming performance.

JOLIE
One of the most amazing friends!

Jove CHEERS.

JOLIE
One of the coolest dudes!

Carl SCREAMS.

JOLIE
One of the sickest DJ’s!

The crowd ERUPTS.

JOLIE
This is why we’re here! This. Is. Zephyr!

A fast,SICK ASS BEAT, jazzy and dark drops. Petey and Daphne, sweaty, quickly look at each other and lose it in a frenzy of dancing.

Jove extends a hand to Jolie, she jumps off the stage into his arms and they both fall to the ground.

They immediately leap up, unaffected and launch into wild dancing.

Carl pulls out a vibrator, looks about and puts it in his ear.

Zephyr looks up from a record out into the crowd, and smiles slyly.

Mindy pumps a fist into the air and shakes her head.

Flipping a new LP onto a platter, Zephyr begins to transition a new beat.

The music is a funky 12-Bar BLUESY BEAT. Zephyr pulls out his hat trick:

He grabs the mic and runs up to the front of the stage. Whipping his harmonica out, he WAILS over the beat.

Carl, with vibrator in ear, whose eyes have rolled to the back of his head in ecstasy, is drawn into the music. Looking wide-eyed now at Zephyr, mouth agape.

Zephyr stomps his feet, whips his head and wails over the music.

The crowd is SCREAMING, hands reaching out to touch him.

Our group of friends sweat, dance, raise their hands to the skies, the scene is like the climax of a revival church meeting.

Zephyr backs away, moving towards the turntables while still playing.

With one hand on the mic and harmonica, he flips through records with the other.

Mindy looks up from the crowd towards Zephyr with adoration.

Quick and expertly, with one hand, Zephyr switches out one of the platters.

He cues the new record in no time and drops a NEW TRACK in and stops playing harmonica simultaneously.

The crowd responds to the HARD TRANCE music with a wave of SCREAMS, undulating as one with a rush of fresh energy, glow-sticks high in the air once more.

The warehouse is packed with sweaty, dancing people. Lights and smoke everywhere.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Daylight spills through the front and rear open doors, the overhead fluorescent’s fill the rest. Cups, water bottles and a sea of various detritus cover the floor. One lone partier walks zombie like towards the exit, another is asleep on the floor, leaned against a support pole.

INT. WAREHOUSE (CHILL CORNER) - CONTINUOUS

Zephyr and Mindy sit one one couch, eyes closed and heads together. Jolie, Jove, and Daphne sit side by side on the other couch, staring forward into space, expressionless. Carl lays on the floor, spooning RAINBOW BRIGHT RAVER. Petey WHISTLES, bouncing about and throwing trash in a large green bag.

JOLIE
Uhhhhhhhgggggghhhhh.

JOVE
I'll get up...help in a minute Petey.

PETEY
Oh, no worries! My crew has the day off. Tomorrow...order restored!

JOVE
Oh good!

JOLIE
Uhhhhggghhhh. Can I go home?

DAPHNE
Petey...love. I want a shower.

JOLIE
Hot water.

Zephyr and Mindy shake and awake.

ZEPHYR
Hi guys.

The sound of a FLICKING LIGHTER occurs. An exhalation of smoke rises from the floor.

CARL
It's wake and bake, and I have.

Carl raises the pipe up in offering. Jolie, Zephyr and Daphne's hands reach out for it.

Jove rubs his eyes.

JOVE
Mommy...I wanna go home.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Jolie, Jove, Zephyr, Mindy, Daphne, Petey, Carl and Rainbow Bright Girl emerge from the warehouse doorways into punishing daylight, shuffling like the walking dead. Except Petey, who is somehow collected and together.

JOLIE
This is so wrong.

Shielding his eyes, Jove looks up and down the street.

JOVE
Is everyone...okay to drive?

DAPHNE
No.

MINDY
No.

CARL
Fuck yeah.

JOLIE
Can I get a ride?

PETEY
I could stand to eat.

The group looks from one to another, as if someone just a made a brilliant scientific discovery.

JOVE
Yeah, OJ is a good idea.

ZEPHYR
Chuck’s is, like two blocks that way.

Zephyr points.

CARL
Chucks!

JOLIE
Yeah, okay. We can hoof it.

PETEY
Brilliant!

The grimy crew begins to shuffle down the street, head-on into the rising morning sunlight.

EXT. CHUCK’S DONUTS - LATER

Everyone rounds the corner, one by one, looking like wrecks.

YUPPIE TECH WORKER, 30, stands in front of Chucks Donuts, reading on his phone in front of the bus stop.

Yuppie Tech Worker turns his head towards the approaching friends and does a double take. He picks up his shoulder bag and hurriedly walks in the opposite direction.

The friends begin to enter Chucks Donuts.

INT. CHUCK’S DONUTS - MINUTES LATER

Tables have been brought together to accommodate the large group. Zephyr, Jolie, Carl, Rainbow Bright Girl, Mindy, Petey and Daphne sit with beverages and donuts.

Jove, at the register with donuts and two orange juices in hand, is handed his change by GAZING CURIOUSLY CASHIER and he drops it in the tip jar.

Jove joins the group, sitting next to Jolie and placing a bag of donuts and orange juice in front of her.

Everyone is silent, staring at walls, the table, or space.

JOVE
Well, I suppose you’re all wondering why I gathered you here today.

LAUGHS break the silence.

Jove looks at Jolie lovingly, she returns the look and puts her head on his shoulder.

DAPHNE
More nostalgia! We’re all here together for the first time since high school!

RAINBOW BRIGHT GIRL
How old are you guys?

Gazes turn towards her, slightly horrified and surprised.

JOLIE
Last night was really fun.

CARL
Fuck yeah!

Two OLD MEN playing chess in a nearby booth look at the group condescendingly.

PETEY
You all, truly are incredible...and came through.

Petey looks slyly at Zephyr.

ZEPHYR
It was great... Performing like that. Thanks everyone.

CARL
So are you still going to kill yourself?

Heads turn rapidly towards Carl.

DAPHNE
Carl!

JOLIE
Shut the fuck up man!

Carl is surprised by the response and looks side to side with a ’what?’ expression. Still, heads turn to Zephyr, wondering what his answer will be.

Zephyr peers up, looking face to face.

ZEPHYR
Your going to ask me that now? When I’m coming off a hard roll?

Jolie and Jove look to each other, concerned.

CARL
Sorry.

Zephyr smiles.

ZEPHYR
But we should plan something like this again...another adventure.

Daphne and Petey look at each other and smile, relieved.

Jolie takes Jove’s hand, slowly looking conspiratorially around the group.

JOLIE
Hey. It’s been a long time since we played laser tag.

THE END.